Saturday Review

JANUARY 26, 1963 / 25¢

RECORDINGS

NETWORKS FOR FM

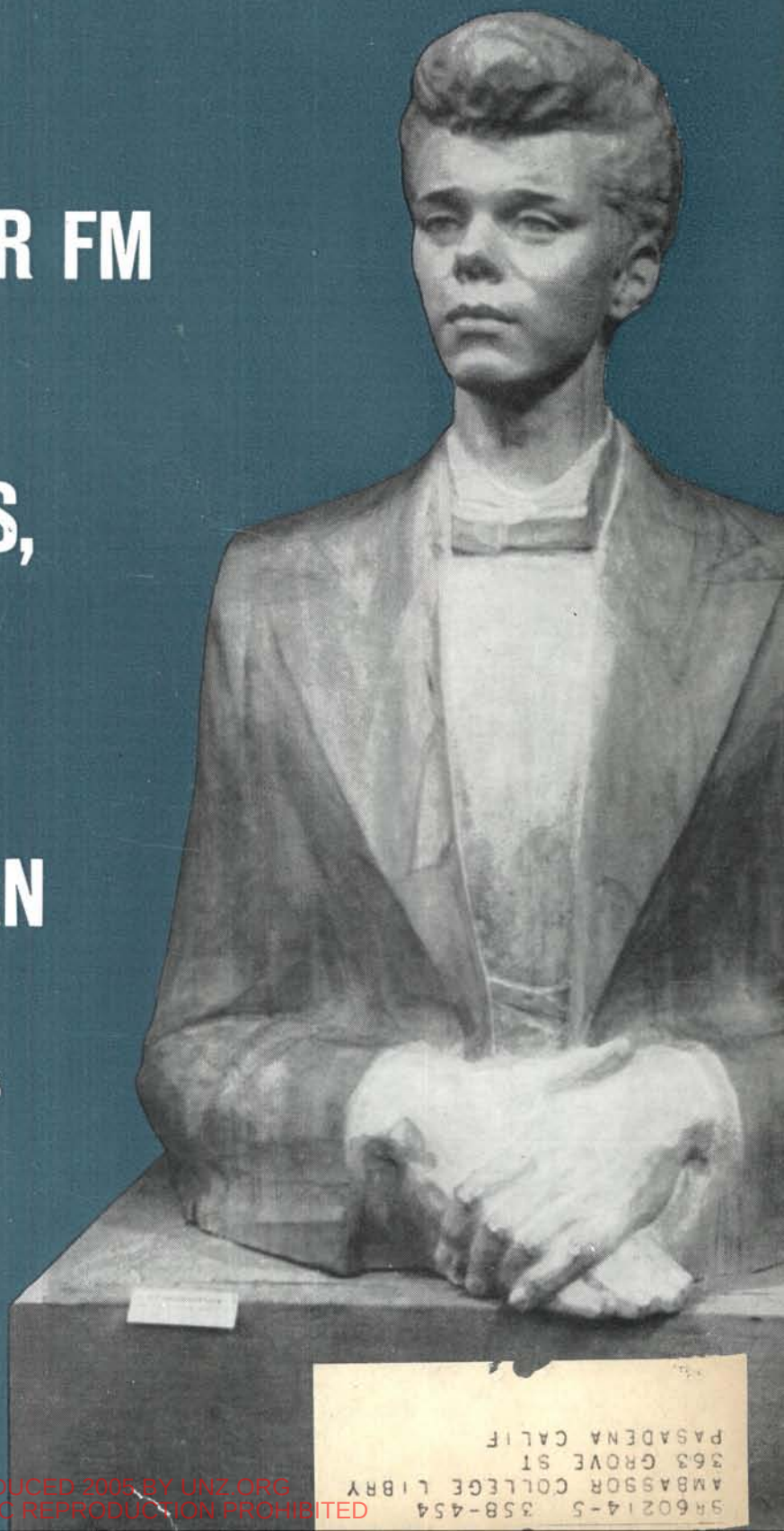
By Martin Williams

BOMBS, BABIES, BULLDOZERS

By Stuart Chase

RUSSIANS AT AN EXHIBITION

By Norman Cousins



Kostromitin's "Van Cliburn," from the new art show in Moscow (See page 24).

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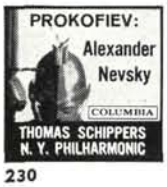

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282-283 Two-Record Set

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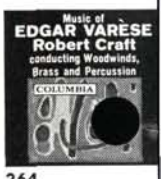

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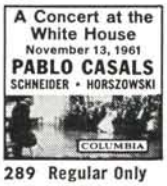

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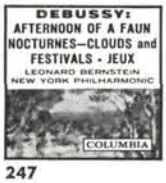

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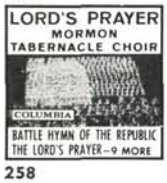
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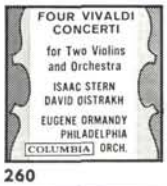

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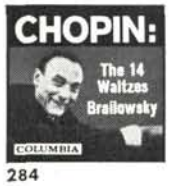

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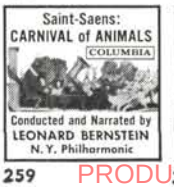

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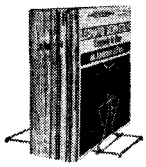

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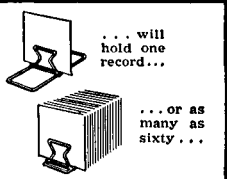

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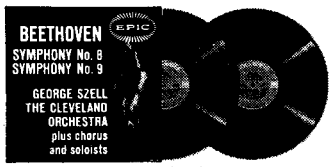

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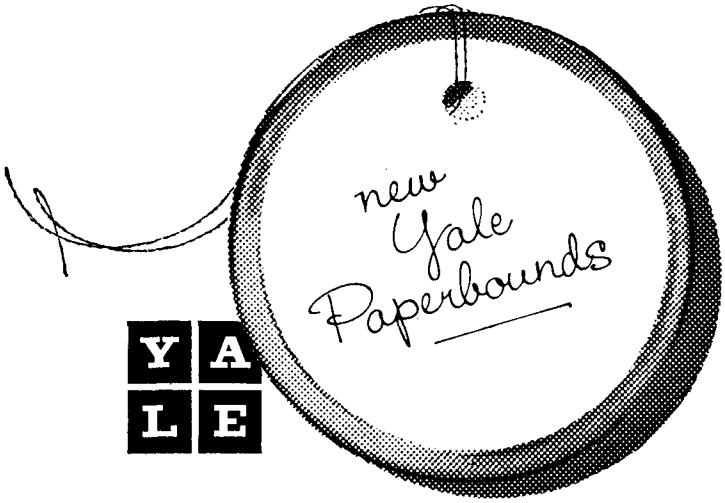

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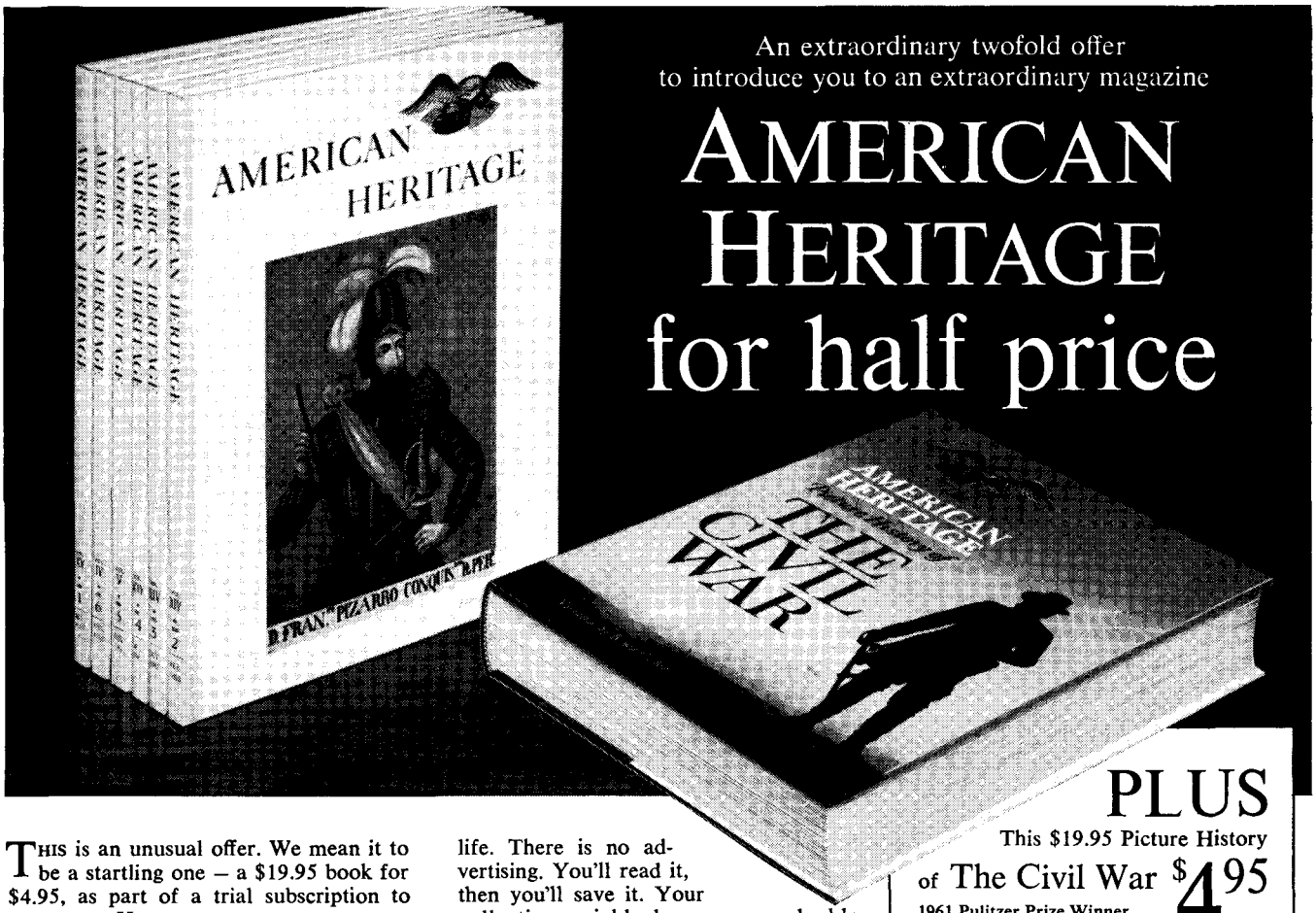

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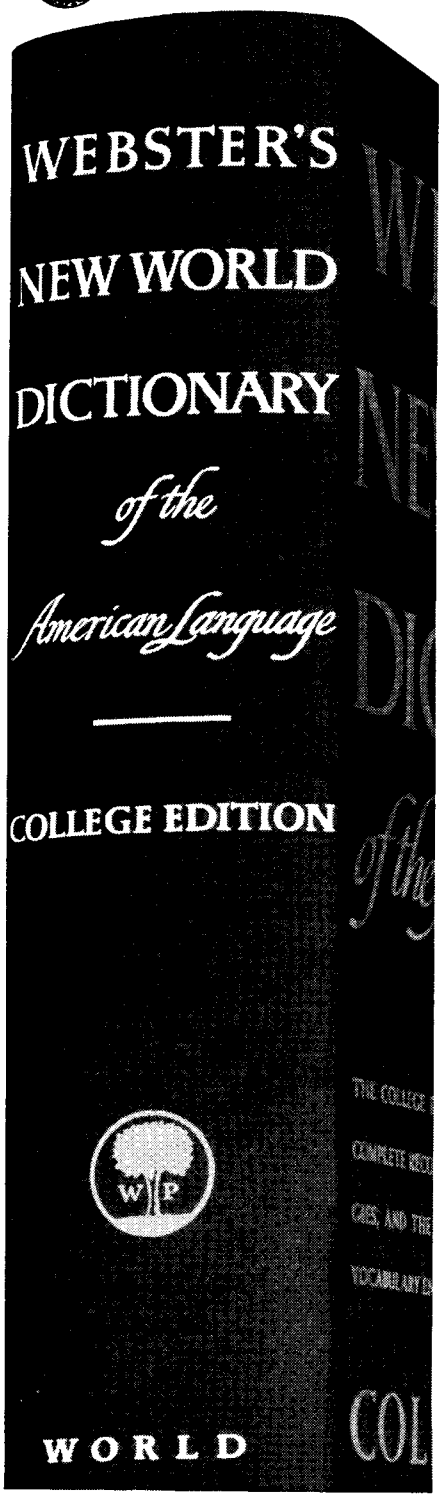

THE PHOENIX NEST

Edited by Martin Levin

BIBLE STORY

Jael
Hammered a nail
Into the skull of Sisera.
I'd
Rather have tried
A softer spot in the viscera.

—Morris Bishop.

• • •

THE UNION FOREVER

TO Mr. Bertram Powers, head of New York's striking printers.

Dear Mr. Powers:

A few days ago, I happened to cross one of your picket lines at the *Journal-American*, which once published my column. You remember the *Journal-American*. It had 600,000 readers until they switched to *Il Progresso*. (Who says a good newspaper has to be in Italian?)

Now it jars my principles to cross a picket line, but I visited the *Journal* for sentimental reasons because it's the place where I used to support my family. A man can get pretty nostalgic about his old income. At any rate, I'd just exchanged fierce looks with one of your pickets when I learned that the union gave him $90 a week tax-free just for walking the line. Suddenly, I had a profound appreciation for the American labor movement.

Mr. Powers, it so happens that $90 a week tax-free is just what I need. If I had it, my wife could stop running the elevator, my little girl could dream of something besides food, and I could take my furniture off the street, where it clashes with the asphalt. Moreover. I could end my weekly visits to the unemployment insurance office, where I've gotten no money, but where a girl keeps saying, "Mr. Schoenstein, there must be *something* you can do."

The funny thing is, Mr. Powers, that the job I'm most qualified for is picketing. I love to march ("The Breakfast Club" used to send me stomping around my bedroom), but I'm rotten at keeping in step, so the casual cadence of a picket line would be ideal for me. Moreover, I love to carry signs because they give me the status I badly need. When I was in the eighth grade, I actually had a fight with a boy over who would hold a big banner in the class photograph.

One Strike and You're Out

You may be wondering if I've had more recent experience that qualifies me for picketing. Well, in 1946, I marched down Broadway with the Daughters of Wendell Willkie, chanting "Down with national borders!" Two years later I carried a picture of Harold Stassen around Madison Square Garden (I'm still known as a wicked Stassen-wielder). So if there are any openings on your lines, please keep me in mind. I'd prefer one of the midtown papers so my friends could see me on their lunch hours; but if I have to picket something by the waterfront, I'll march with the élan I had when I walked guard at Ford Dix. In those days, I got $19 a week tax-free and all the powdered eggs I could eat. And the sign I wore around my neck was a little metal one that said Ralph Schoenstein — Type O.

Yours for fringe benefits.

—Ralph Schoenstein.

• • •

WHOSE

It used to be proper to say "someone's else,"
And not "someone else's," but now it's thought dreary
To argue the point. Language mellows and melts—
At least, that's the tutor that teaches me's theory.

—Pegasus Buchanan.

• • •

GO AHEAD— YOU PUSH THE BUTTON

NOBODY complained when they began replacing trusty old human elevator operators (oh, and how dependable they were in retrospect!) with automation. It never occurred to people that manual operation was involved in the changeover, even if only button-pushing. With the operators en route to memory lane to join the Model A, ice chest, and steam train, who is going to push the button? You and me.

Think back over the past decade and recall all the extra jobs you've had to take on—without compensation, too; subtly, imperceptibly, we've been enticed into being elevator operators, grocery clerks (as a kid I wasn't considered bright enough for that kind

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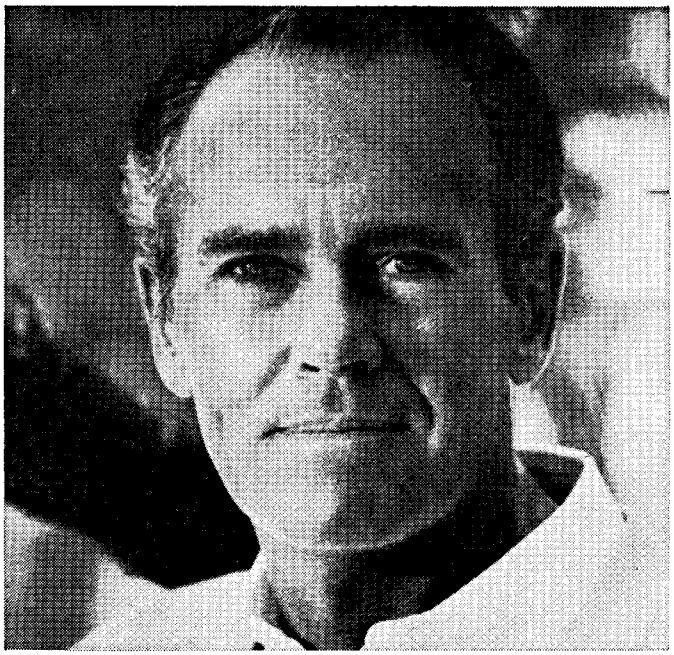

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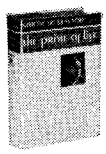

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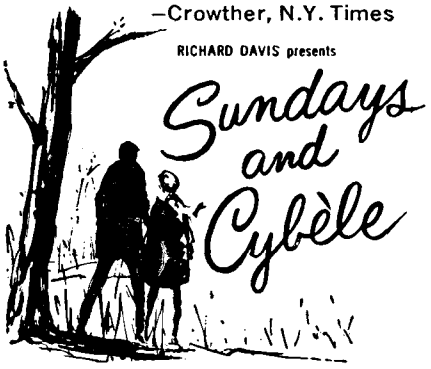

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In the name of streamlining and lowering costs (which, we are told cunningly, will be passed along to us in savings), we drive ourselves crazy hustling groceries off supermarket shelves. Lately, in the interest of getting home sometime over the weekend, I have been lending the cashier and baggers a hand.

Under the equally questionable claim that money is again being saved, many of us have been beguiled by a service station chain into wallowing in a so-called self-service area. The tire inflating, battery filling, windshield cleaning, and interior vacuuming formerly performed by attendants is now done by motorists who believe they are thus saving two to three cents a gallon. It provides great fun for the attendants who have nothing to do after filling your tank or crankcase.

As for the elevator operations, sometimes I wake at night screaming over thoughts of all the ones I've been piloting. Often I operate cars twenty-thirty stories high and I've been afraid of them since childhood, even when they were operated by trusty, dependable old human operators. Call out your floor.

The only solution might be a training school similar to those that teach people, displaced by automation, new skills and occupations. These, however, would be to teach old jobs to people like us who never wanted to learn them in the first place. I'm willing to take a six-week course in elevator training, although I don't think it will do much good. (One thing that might help would be to have a huge button marked THIS IS THE DOOR, PAL, or even better, one marked HELP, FOR GOD'S SAKE!) As for grocery clerk training, give me a rain check on that. I'm returning to the corner grocery where we can't get a box of cereal off the shelf without a stepladder.

—REX POLIER.

• • •

NO MORE CAKES AND ALE, THANK YOU

UNTIL my past year abroad I had always thought of "Twelfth Night" as my favorite Shakespearean comedy. Now I don't know. My wife can't face a hot dog today because twenty years ago she ate five of them at a hockey game. Perhaps three "Twelfth Nights" in one season

(*Continued on page* 18)

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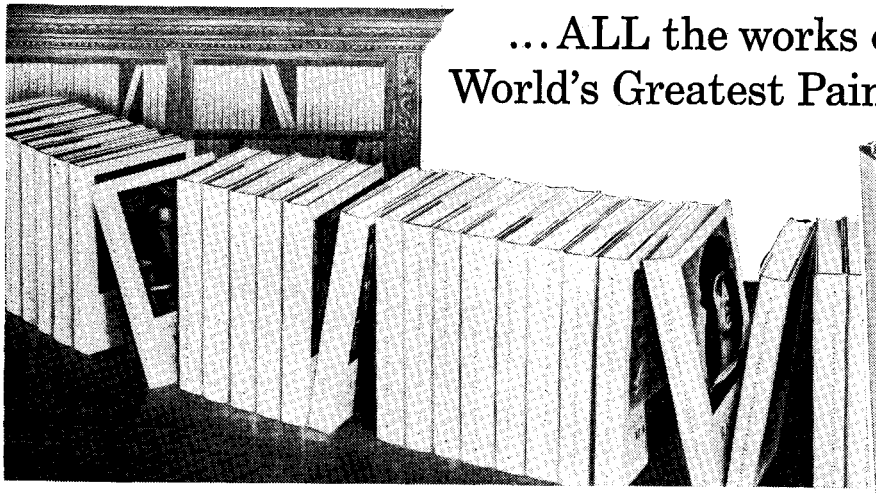

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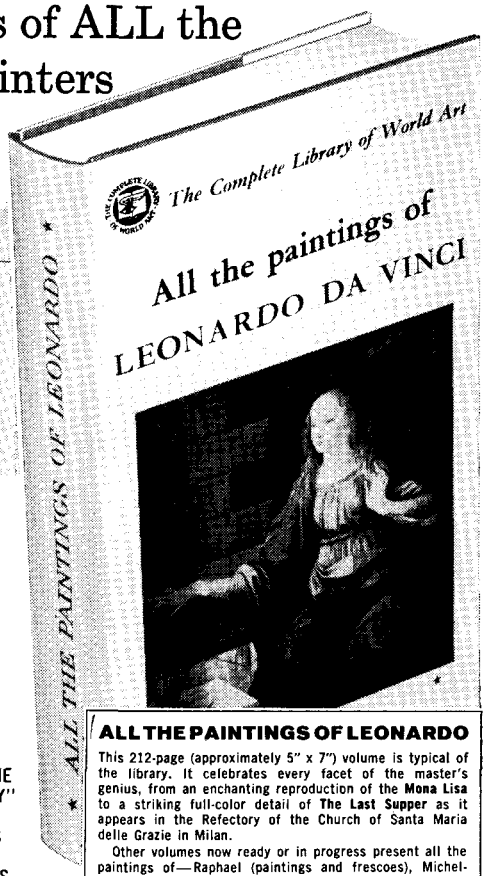

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SATURDAY REVIEW

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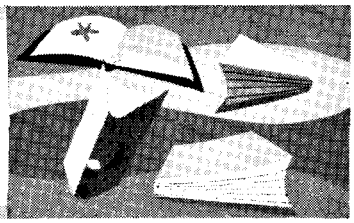
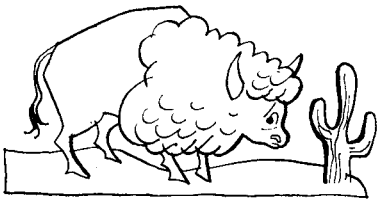
Trade Winds



NOW THAT the new year is off to a tottery start, we can take time to riffle through the pages of that enlightening publication known as "Chases' Calender of Annual Events." We are sternly warned in a prefatory note that ". . . veteran users make no plans for the coming year without first finding out what Chases' has to say about particular dates." A warning like that is hard to take lightly, so we're glad to pass along some of the intelligence we've found in its pages.



JANUARY, you'll be happy to know, is already quite a month. It not only is known as Break-a-Cold Month and Quick-Meal-Mates Month, but it fosters the ceremonies appropriate to National Colorado Beef Month. It might have been this occasion that generated the story newscaster Doug Edwards passed along to us the other day.

It seems that two cowboys were passing a herd of buffalo, commenting in loud voices on the mangy condition of the herd. When they had moved out of earshot, one buffalo turned to another and said: "I think I've just heard a discouraging word."

JANUARY ALSO HAS sparked the University of Detroit's Silent Record Week. This commemorates the invention of the Silent Record, and promotes the virtues of silence. A high premium is placed on Stereophonic Silence (which is twice as silent), and on blank slides and home movies.

We're in complete accord with this objective. But before it becomes fully effective, we hope you'll get a chance to listen to the biting, satirical album of rock 'n' roll issued under the sponsorship of *Mad* magazine. If anything can topple the towering offense to the ear that this sort of cacophony dispenses, it will be this album. In one song, the pained female vocalist sings to her hero that she'll send him mail, while he's serving time in jail for throwing the high school basketball game. In another, the epic heroine finds somebody else's dandruff on her lover baby's shirt. And even though he's found a new, flaky head he'd rather have on his shoulder, "he'll come back beggin' for mine." In a third, the *Mad* rock 'n' rollers recall their salad days in the wonderful six and a half years they spent in high school together, and swear they'll never forget them even if they live to be twenty-two. The lament of a teen-age Russian spy and a girl whose "pimples turned to dimples this year" drive two more effective stilettos into the back of the rock 'n' roll dragon. We hope they finish up the job, as painfully as possible.

JANUARY MARKS the 109th birthday of literature's distinguished detective, Sherlock Holmes. And, coincidentally, we have just learned of a Fawcett suspense author whose novel, "The Name of the Game Is Death," unwittingly helped to nail one of the most-wanted bank robbers on the FBI list, desperado Bobby Wilcoxson, partner of bank robber Albert Nussbaum.

Last July, Dan Marlowe, the Fawcett author, got a long-distance telephone call from an unknown admirer who raved about the book with unfettered

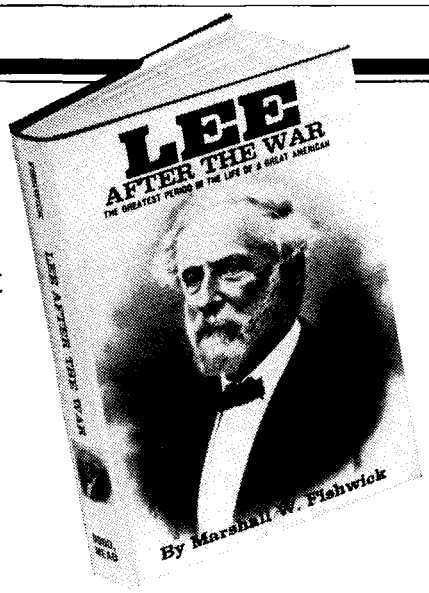
enthusiasm. In a few days, the admirer followed up the call with a three-page letter, indicating he was a frustrated writer who hoped that he could write a first-person crime novel from the point of view of the criminal, as Marlowe had done.

Two months later, the FBI descended on Marlowe in Michigan, shoved two post office flyers in front of him, and demanded to know if he had ever seen the men or known them. Marlowe hadn't, and he said so.

"Then why," said one of the FBI men, singling out one of the pictures, "did he phone you?"

It took a few moments for Marlowe to recall the telephone conversation and the letter, but even when he did, the FBI men were unimpressed. Marlowe was finally able to dig up the letter from his ragbag files, and eventually his agent, Jim Reach of Samuel

The little-known story of what happened to a great American after Appomattox



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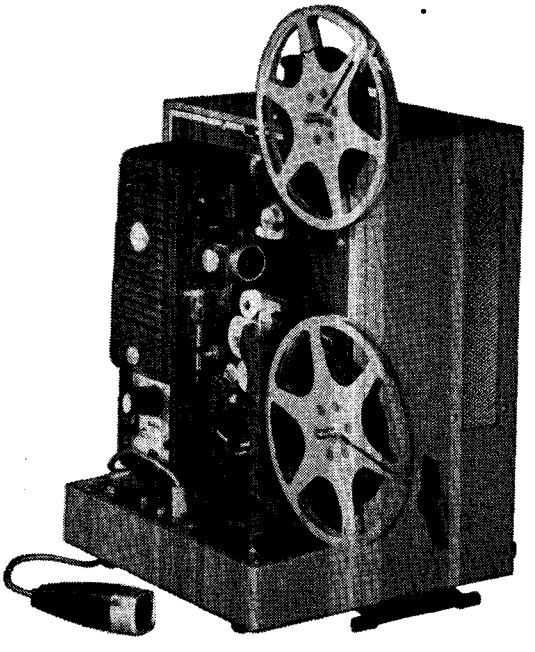

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French, checked him out as an honest citizen.

The upshot: The long-distance admirer was Nussbaum, known as the most wanted man since Dillinger. He was captured in November, and a paragraph in the fan letter gave a clue which the FBI in Saginaw, Michigan, says may have been the turning point in capturing Bobby Wilcoxson, Nussbaum's partner in crime.

One reason for Nussbaum's enthusiasm: Marlowe's book, by coincidence, practically paralleled the story of Wilcoxson's life.

NOTHING COULD BE nobler than the special January event called Save-the-Pun Week. We've inherited three recently, which we can put in the hopper as contributions toward this beatific cause.

Cole Pilcher, of Greenwich, Connecticut, writes us that the Persian fleet at Salamis got so jittery waiting for the expected Athenian attack that they passed the word around: "Beware of skiffs, bearing Greeks."

Dick Sears, of Webster, Massachusetts, recalls that a textile plant nearby lost a considerable amount of inventory during a recent flood. "The answer is very obvious," the manager told him. "Too many brooks spoil the cloth."

And Homer Overly, of Boston, writes about the pilot who found he had to fly upside down to stop the gasoline from coming out of a hole in the bottom of the tank. "Loop before you leak," the tower radioed him.

YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT until October to celebrate Forest Products Week. We hope by that time the metaphors will be unscrambled from the "Proceedings of the Lockwood Conference on Suburban Forest and Ecology," Bulletin 652, which E. H. Ketchledge of the New York State College of Forestry sends along. On page 34, the text reads: "Longfellow first used the term 'forest primeval.' His conception was of an inhabited Acadia, not a virgin forest where the hand of man has never set foot."

–JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1502)

A. J. LIEBLING:
INTRODUCTION

A popular dessert named for the star, the *Lillian Russell*, was a half cantaloupe holding about a pint and three-quarters of ice cream. If an actress had a dish named after her now, the recipe would be four phenobarbital tablets and a jigger of Metrecal.

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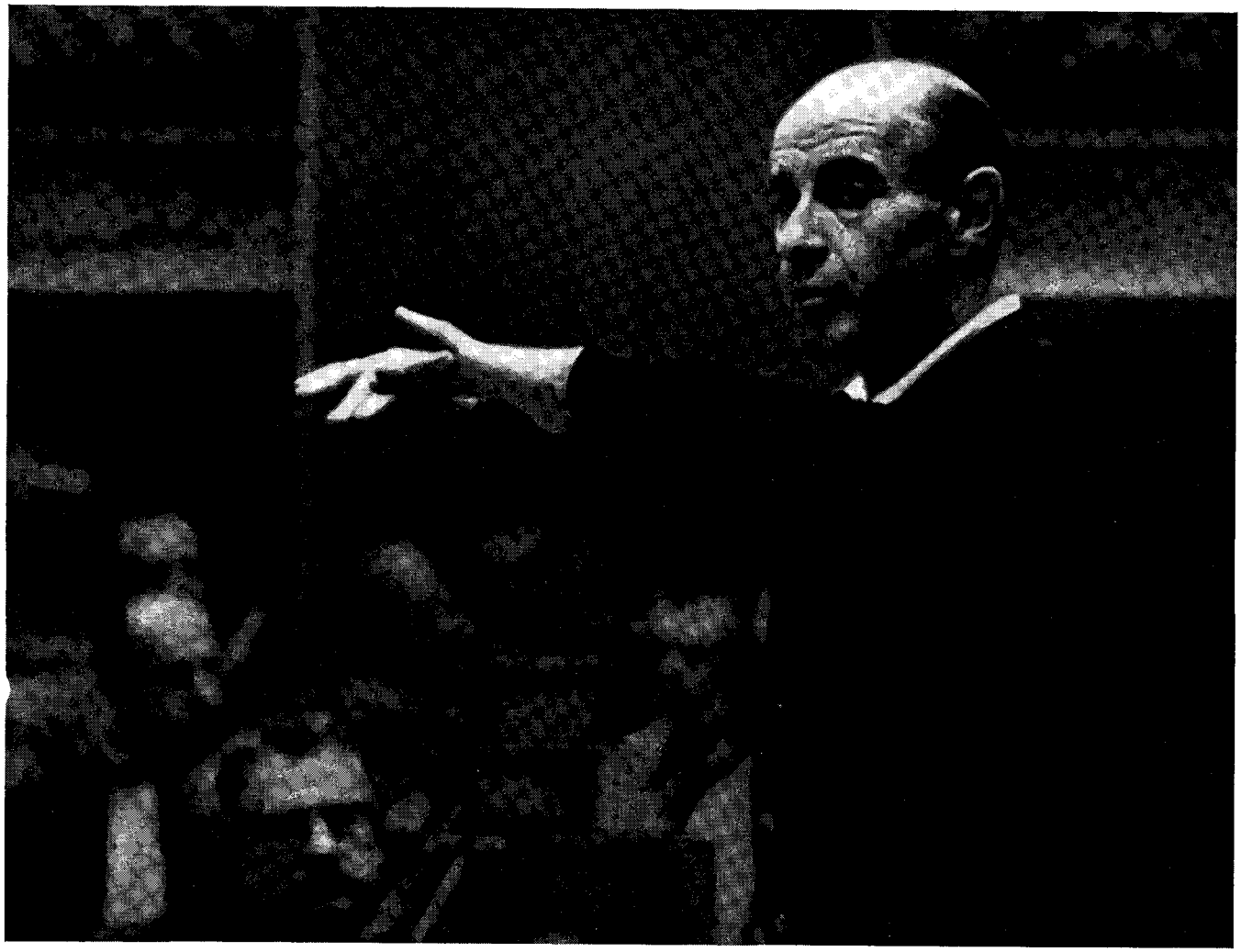

The charming Mr. Leinsdorf immediately makes us welcome in Symphony Hall. When we ask about the microphones over the stage, he tells us that before recording, an RCA Victor recording crew has been doing exhaustive experimentation and explains, "I want them to capture the most natural, the most true reflection of the Boston Symphony in Symphony Hall." Later, as they rehearse, polish, then record the fiendishly difficult Bartók *Concerto for Orchestra,* we are struck by the wonderful rapport Mr. Leinsdorf has with the musicians. Though a strict disciplinarian, his keen wit always lightens tension at the right moment. When you hear the album, it is readily apparent that the recording crew captured the sound Mr. Leinsdorf requested – just close your eyes and you are right back in Symphony Hall with the Boston Symphony.

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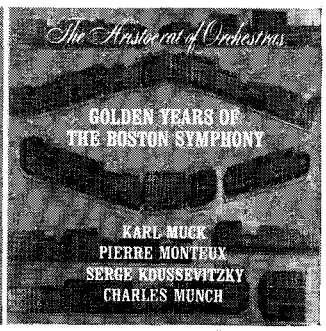

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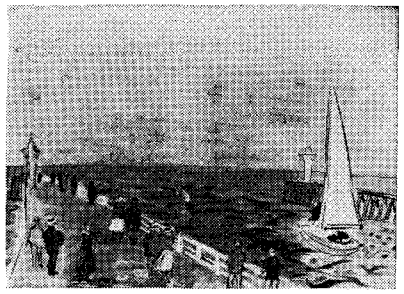

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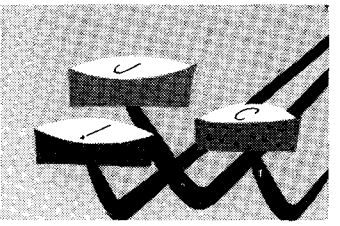

MISS MYRA and Small Benn and John L.—those three
Grew tired of Mummy, grew tired of me,
Grew tired of manners, of baths, and of bed,
And of having to mind us whatever we said
(Which they never did, where they always went late,
Which they never took, which were bad when they ate.)

Which is to say, they meant to be rid
Of a lot of things they never did
(Or never on time, or never right)—
And so they ran away one night.

They left us a note and in it they said:
"Minding and manners and baths and bed
Have ruined our lives. We are running away.
Goodbye. There is nothing more to say."

And they signed it and left. And so they were rid
Of all those things they never did
(Or never right, or never on time).
Small Benn took a quarter, Miss Myra a dime,
And John L. (who never *could* save) one cent.
And they bought their tickets and off they went.

They wrote us from Spain, but they sent no news.
They wrote us from Egypt and asked for shoes
(Which we sent them at once, for well we knew
How the hot sand burns when your shoes wear through).
They wrote us from India, next, to say
How happy they were they had run away.
"We are seeing the world! It is good to be rid
Of all those things we never did—
Minding and manners and baths and bed.
Small Benn has warts. Miss Myra's head
Is gorgeously caked. John L. just said
All the bad words he was never allowed
To use at home. My he looks proud!
And none of us ever mind anymore.
And we drop our things all over the floor.
And we never ever go to bed.
Well, thanks for the shoes." That's what they said
In the note from India.

Their last note
(The very last one they ever wrote
As far we we know) was marked "At Sea."
And what is said was: "Since we're free,
We're bound for Australia. That's where we'll be
By the time this letter gets to you.
We're going to catch us a Kangaroo.
Please send us at once a Kangaroo Trap,
Some Pretzels and Pickles, and maybe a Map
With the Kangaroo Places marked in red,
And a Ball of Twine, and a Spool of Thread
(John L. has a rip, and Small Benn's kite
Is out of string. We are all right.
I hope you are sorry we ran away."
It was signed "Miss Myra," and dated "May."

We sent the Twine for Small Benn's kite
Air-parcel-post that very night,
With a spool of thread (and a needle, too)
For John L's rip. But the best I could do
With the Kangaroo Map was a bit of a mess.
I didn't know, so I had to guess
Where the Kangaroo Places were likely to be,
And *all* of Australia looked likely to me,
And even some parts of Alaska and Texas.
Before I was through, there were so many X's
They covered the map so, that no one could tell
What it was a map *of*. I did do quite well
With the pretzels and pickles (one tub and barrel)
Which I wrapped in odd bits of Miss Myra's apparel.
(She had left things behind—in her hurry perhaps.)
So that much went well. But the Kangaroo Traps!—
Oh, those Kangaroo Traps! Have any of *you*
Tried shopping for things that might possibly do
For catching and holding a live Kangaroo?
I finally bought a large cage from the zoo.
At least that would *hold* one, though I couldn't guess
How it might *trap* it—and couldn't care less.
We wrapped it all up. It made quite a pack,
So we sent *that* by ship.

In three years it came back
With a letter that read: "Dear Mr. and Mrs.:
By official report (and that is what this is)
Miss Myra and Small Benn and John L.—those three—
Have been here and gone. As it seems now to me
They will not be back, as I think you'll agree.
The details are as follows:

Small Benn: lost at sea.
Sailed off in a tantrum, split up on a reef.
Some think he attacked it. We share your great grief.

The one called Miss Myra (as far as we know):
Lies buried in ninety-nine inches of snow.
Report states that though it was starting to blow
She went out to buy pickles at forty-below.
We repeat our condolences.

That leaves—let's see—
The one called John L. As sworn before me
By rumor and hearsay and witnesses, he
Did say his bad words to a King Kangaroo
That replied with a kick that would certainly do
To put him in orbit, and certainly did.
Once more our regrets. Postage due, seven quid.
I am, sir and madam, John Jasper MacNeice,
House Painter, Gents' Tailor, and Chief of Police.

We read it straight through, and again, and again
(Once backwards, and once in a mirror) and then,
I looked at Mummy and she looked at me.
And that's when we knew that at last we were free
Of Miss Myra and Small Benn and John L.—those three.
But we fought back our tears and our sorrow, we did.
I counted my money and sent seven quid
(That's twenty-one dollars) to J. J. MacNeice,
House Painter, Gents' Tailor, and Chief of Police.
And Mummy replied with a courteous note,
Taking pains (for politeness) to say that he wrote
A most elegant hand, and she thanked him for that.
And when she was finished, I put on my hat.
And she put on hers. And in silence we two
Walked out through the park, down those paths we bot[1]
knew,
And—still silent—we paused half a day at the zoo,
For it brought back fond memories—to her and to me—
Of Miss Myra and Small Benn and John L.—those three.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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Continued from page 8

is too much—and one of them in French. What happened is that at the last one I found I couldn't laugh. At least I laughed only twice, and then quite unexpectedly. Once when the Duke threatened to kill Viola, and again when one of the cast tripped coming on.

My second "Twelfth Night" (in Paris and called "La Nuit des Rois ou Ce que vous voudrez," which for one lovely unilinqual moment I thought might be "As You Like It") was remarkable because at that one nobody laughed *except* me. I laughed all the way through, partly out of nervousness because my French is lousy, and partly not to let the side down. I even laughed at Feste playing Sir Topas, which I've *never* done before. It was quite an experience really, sitting among all those Frenchmen who didn't know what was going to happen next. (You know the English; they start to laugh before Malvolio even sees the letter lying on the ground.) But I knew only too well what was going to happen next, and I longed for their innocence. In this production Viola and her brother were played by the same actress, which is fine, of course, until the last scene in the play, the confrontation scene I believe it's called. Well, the French people (lucky beggars) didn't know about this last scene, but I did, and I kept my eyes glued on Viola, and when Sir Toby entered, purposely diverting the audience's attention with a great roar of agony over his broken head, nobody except me saw Viola (the real one) slip offstage and a substitute sneak on in her place. So that two minutes later when Sebastian (really Viola) entered with a great flourish at the opposite side of the stage, the whole audience gasped at the miracle. Except me. I felt like the man who brushed away the fly during the Indian rope trick and got unhypnotized. It wasn't much fun.

THE real trouble is that after a while you begin to ask questions. When does Maria find time to get the beds made, for instance? What are the licensing hours in Illyria and will Sebastian and Antonio get to the Elephant in time to have a drink? And Feste. Where does he sleep? Who does his laundry? And what has he got to be so damn gloomy about? Most of the time you can't tell him from Hamlet. He was big and gloomy at the Aldwych, he was little and gloomy at the Vieux Colombier, and at the Old Vic he couldn't even sing. Yet he collected more money in one evening than a Fifth Avenue bus.

—IRVING KREUTZ.

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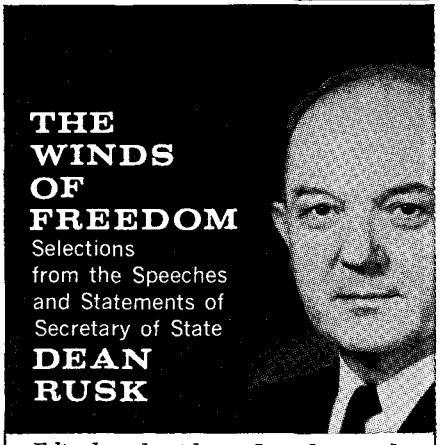

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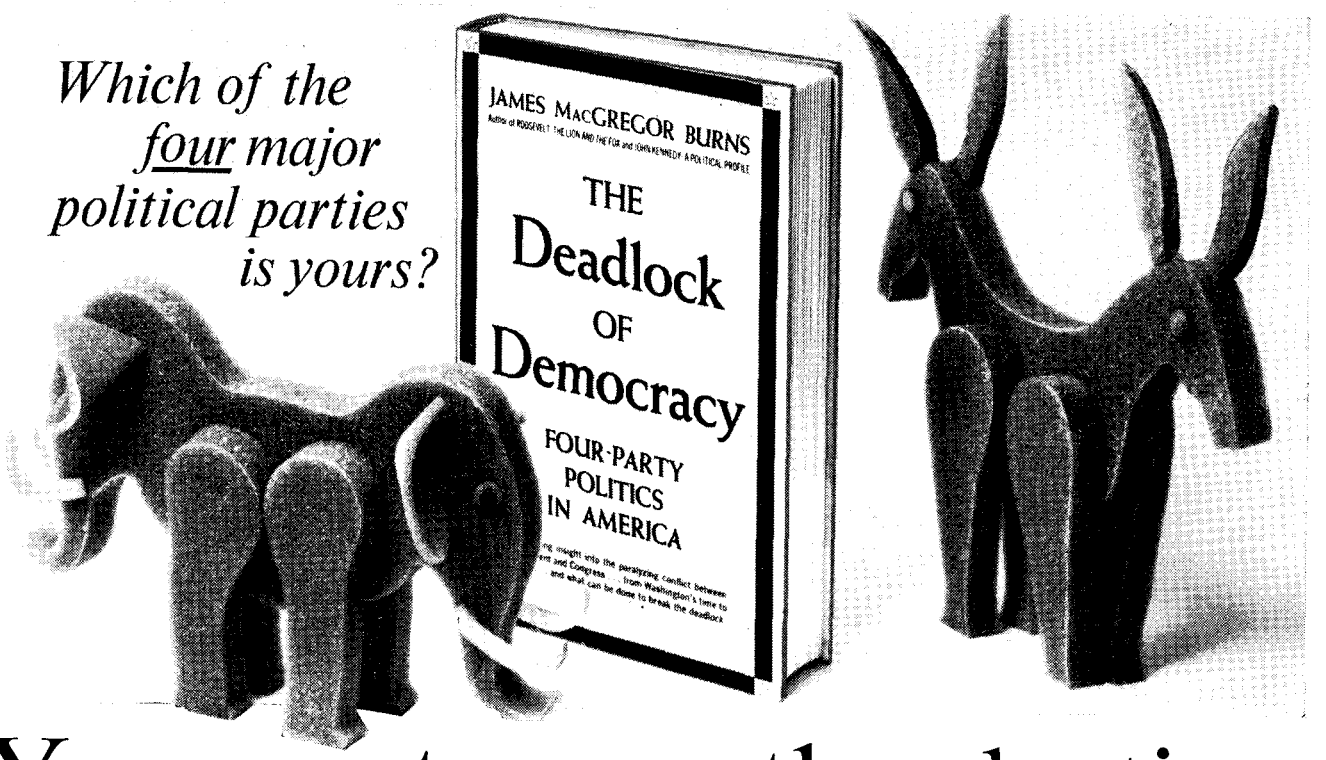

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A Study in Scarlet

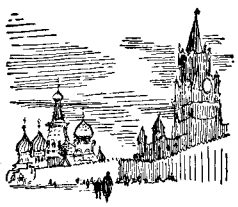
In less than 45 years, Communism has already brought more than one-third of the world under its control. By all democratic standards, this is a highly improper fraction.

Yet, the free-world still isn't adequately aware (despite reminders from Cuba, Berlin and Vietnam) of international Marxism's ambition to become the only wheel in town.

This state of affairs is precisely what motivates NBC's new "Profile on Communism," a series of four, prime-night-time specials that may rank as television's most significant contribution to an understanding of the nature of Communism.

Close to the Action

The first two of the four programs will be NBC White Papers under the executive production of Irving Gitlin; and the initial of these—"The Death of Stalin"—will be aired this Sunday, Jan. 27. It will lean heavily on first-hand accounts of diplomats, newsmen and government officials at or near Communist fountainheads of power at critical junctures in Red growth. Their reports will show, among other things, that undeviating mistrust has always dominated Communist thinking.



More than ten years ago, for example, the terribly suspicious Stalin had already expelled American ambassador George Kennan. Five months later, Joseph himself—in apparently good health at 72—died in circumstances as eerie as the 39 steppes.

Why didn't any of Stalin's natural heirs — Beria, Malenkov or Molotov—take over for the next quarter-century? Just how did Nikita Khrushchev, a party secretary virtually unknown outside his country, wind up as today's undisputed strong-man of the Soviet realm?

These and many other riddles will be explored in the two White Papers, the second of which ("The Rise of Khrushchev") goes on exactly one Sunday later. Narrating these openers for Gitlin and writer-producer Fred Freed will be Chet Huntley. This is the same trio which figured so largely in last season's unforgettable White Papers on "Red China" and "Khrushchev and Berlin." Some time later this season will come the third and fourth of this current series. The earlier of this pair will be a primer for teen-agers, "Who Goes There?" and will be written and narrated by Bob ("Update") Abernethy. In it, producer Robert J. ("The Trial of Adolph Eichmann") Northshield will explain such historical matters as why Communism found such great receptivity in the Soviet Union.

The last program of the four will be a 90 minute study entitled "An Encyclopedia of Communism." It will be a first-of-its-kind analysis of Red strengths and weaknesses in the satellite nations, the "uncommitted" countries, and the newer states of Africa and Asia. Writer-producer is Lou ("Shakespeare: Soul of an Age") Hazam.

When "The Profile on Communism" series runs to its conclusion, the American televiewer should have the clearest idea ever of the background and design of world Marxism.

Behind the Timing

There can be little speculation why NBC is putting the cream of its journalistic and artistic resources into this coming series. The suspenseful week off the Cuba coast this past October demonstrated that the scope of the Soviet design in the Western Hemisphere mustn't be underevaluated for a moment. The earliest signs may be subtle—like the installation of Soviet missile bases outside of Havana. The next indications could be unmistakable.

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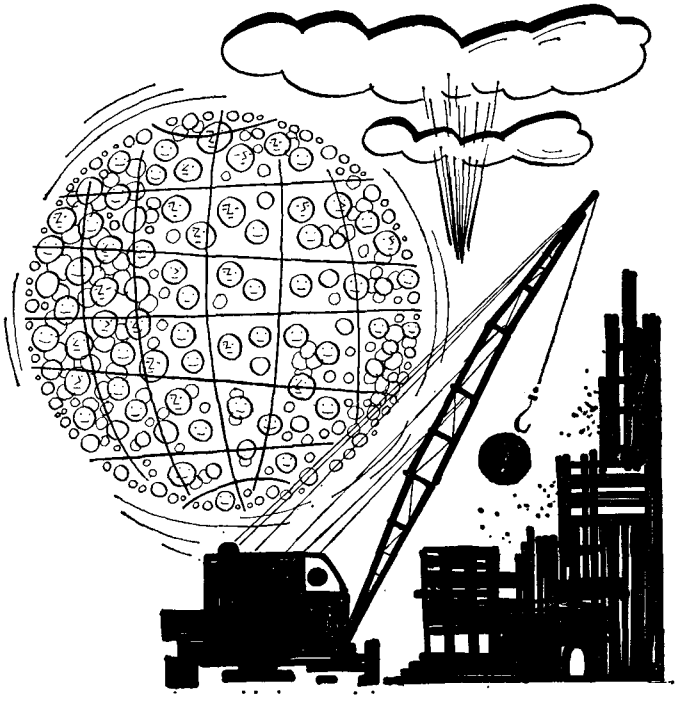
Saturday Review
JANUARY 26, 1963

BOMBS, BABIES, BULLDOZERS



By STUART CHASE, *writer and economist. The two most recent of his twenty-nine books are "Live and Let Live" and "American Credos."*

"U.S. Prepares to Send Troops as Mississippi Governor Defies Court."

"Dock Strike Ties Up Shipping."

"Inflation Peril Increases in Europe."

EVERY DAY in the headlines and over the airwaves the problems come crowding in—civil liberties, political corruption, juvenile delinquency, taxes, crime, unbalanced budgets, medical care, death on the highways. . . . an endless list. Most are important; all require attention. But looming over them, like Everest above its foothills, are three transcendent issues: nuclear war, the population explosion, and the destruction of living space. We can label them bombs, babies, and bulldozers, the last as a symbol for those activities of modern technology which lead to massive corruption of the environment.

The careful observer never loses sight of these three peaks with their connecting ridges. His excitement is restrained about the Common Market, the state of the federal budget, even a trip to the moon. The big three make all other problems relatively minor. He is convinced that they must be met and composed if civilization is to continue. We can struggle along somehow, he thinks, plagued by the race question, the crime question, the money question, the form-of-government question. All have been with us for centuries. But the careful observer doubts if we can muddle through the three B's. He does not abandon his daily tasks and indulge in perpetual lamentation like Jeremiah, but he is inclined to husband his reforming zeal for these issues, and to measure all headlines in relation to them.

Bombs come first in priority. They could fall at literally any moment, as a result of mechanical failure or man failure. A recent breakdown in electronic signals almost triggered a shower of them. So did a flight of geese across an Arctic radar screen—which triggers an ironic thought.

Babies come second. At present rates of increase, they promise to double the population of the world by the end of the century—from three billion to six billion. This can hardly fail, the demographers predict, to leave the hungry world—two-thirds of mankind—hungrier than ever. Some observers call population the world's number one problem, and it may be for the long run. It is not, however, so immediate as nuclear extinction by accident, or by extension of the so-called nuclear club. Red China, Israel, Egypt are standing in line.

Bulldozers, representing the assault on living space, are also not immediately catastrophic. This problem is well along the road, however, to complicating existence unendurably—with the traffic jams and smog of Los Angeles as an indication of what the future may hold. This issue, the third in priority, affects high-energy societies more than underdeveloped areas. In fact, the more developed we are, the worse it becomes.

All three result directly from the fact that technology is advancing at an exponential rate, and they thus represent something unprecedented in human affairs. Without modern science they would not exist. History, accordingly, offers almost no lessons to guide us. As invention cannot be halted—at least short of nuclear war—it looks as if we must use the scientific method to control the calamitous effects of science, or retire defeated from the human drama.

THESE menaces are strictly man-made, the result of activity in the human cortex. They bear no causal relation to natural calamities like earthquakes and hurricanes and other so-called Acts of God. The unfortunate fact that most of us regard them as beyond human intervention does not remove the obligation to control the effects of our ingenuity. Nuclear weapons are based on the work of atomic physicists, especially Einstein. The population upsurge is based on the work of medical scientists, dramatically reducing the death rate in the past few decades while birth rates remain static. The assault on living space is primarily the work of the internal combustion engine.

The genie is out of the bottle and there is no hope of stuffing him back. There are, however, some possibilities of taming him, despite the current

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apathy. Let us examine the challenges in a little more detail.

BOMBS: Two schools of thought seek to mitigate the thermonuclear threat. One says that War III will not come; the other that it will come but can be made "acceptable" by shelters and civil defense. Opposed to these views are most of the world's scientists, a substantial number of military men, and intelligent laymen in every country. Even a politician, here and there, shows some uneasiness about Doomsday.

Scientists have an articulate spokesman in C. P. Snow. They calculate that if the arms race continues, while more nations join the nuclear club, the probability of war approaches 100 per cent. Said Snow, in 1961, in a statement quoted around the world:

> Within at the most ten years, some of these bombs are going off. I am saying this as responsibly as I can. That is a certainty. On the one side, therefore, we have a finite risk [in negotiated agreements]. On the other side we have a certainty of disaster. Between a risk and a certainty, a sane man does not hesitate.

General Douglas MacArthur was also speaking responsibly when he told the Philippine Assembly in 1961 that war in the nuclear age had lost its meaning. It could settle nothing. "If you lose you are annihilated. If you win, you stand only to lose. . . . It contains now only the germs of double suicide."

There is an ironic corollary to the general's statement. However mighty a nation's military power today, it cannot use that power without inviting its own destruction. Proposed agreements to employ only conventional weapons disregard two vital points: First, there is no referee to enforce such agreements; second, in battle, war psychology takes over. We hardly need expert testimony to assure us that the battle will escalate to nuclear weapons, especially if the possessor of them faces defeat. In September, 1962, Secretary of Defense McNamara threatened to use nuclear weapons if superior Russian tanks and artillery were to drive us out of Berlin.

Military experts can discuss "first strike," "second strike," and "counter-strike-with-bonus"; but beyond these semantic exercises, it is obvious to the careful inquirer that both the U.S. and the USSR are now equipped to eliminate each other as viable societies by exploding a few large hydrogen bombs high in the stratosphere, generating firestorms of meteorological dimensions. These can incinerate every combustible object, natural or man-made, over vast areas, including occupants of all but the deepest oxygen-equipped shelters.

A point seldom mentioned about such an attack, but one that interests me as an economist, is the destruction of the records essential to a civilization—title deeds, mortgages, contracts, bank ledgers, accounts receivable, loans, bonds, notes, and securities. The loss of legal titles alone might be more serious than the loss of power grids. "It takes fewer megatons," says Gerald Piel, "to kill the corporate body of the state than to destroy the forces that are supposed to defend it."

Unimaginative people will dream on, taking refuge in what psychologists call "denial," and hoping for the best. People with reflective minds know that when the button is pushed, accidentally or otherwise, the country they love will, in a matter of minutes, cease to exist as a going concern. The fact that the enemy also ceases to exist is scant consolation. Our freedoms will be buried in the same trench with his tyrannies.

Reflective citizens are as sure of this as they are of $E=mc^2$, the equation upon which the nuclear age is founded. Yet they hesitate to move in the circumstances, while their political leaders act as if a twenty-megaton bomb were on a par with a Sherman tank. Are we mad, then, leaders and citizens together? Yes, we are mad in a cosmic sense, but sane enough in terms of cultural lag. Our leaders are playing power politics in the formal patterns appropriate to pre-nuclear times. They engage in a spirited arms race, exchange picturesque insults, rattle rockets as if they were sabers, refuse to trust their rivals in any military agreement, announce that their only concern is national security, which, they insist, is tantamount to the well-being of mankind, and assure us that they can protect their nation's security.

In the light of thermonuclear weapons, now poised in their silos, all this is preposterous nonsense, and will be so regarded by the historians of 1980—if there are any historians in 1980. But in the light of traditional power politics it is business as usual, in direct line from Napoleon and Metternich through Disraeli to Kaiser Wilhelm II.

Sometimes one wonders if the cultural lag can be corrected, in the ten years that Snow gives us, without a violent physical lesson. Remember, for instance, how unemployment dragged on through the 1930s because of cultural lag in fiscal traditions. We did not dare release enough purchasing power to put idle men to work. The violence at Pearl Harbor ended this mental block. The country awoke to the realization that a great nation can afford anything it can produce. Congress appropriated the money and within a few months there was a labor shortage. The bankruptcy so freely predicted in the earlier period never came.

Suppose a big plane on a practice flight dropped a large hydrogen bomb by accident while flying over the unpopulated part of the Florida Everglades. Suppose its safety devices failed and it exploded at ground zero. No serious firestorm was generated, but rather a huge, volcanic chasm, miles in diameter and hundreds of feet deep.

Suppose, when geiger counters declared the area free of radiation, Congress went down in a body to view the holocaust. With it came top Administrative officials and the staffs of all the embassies. Hundreds of thousands of motorists meanwhile took a guided tour along the Tamiami Trail. Suppose these viewers were emotionally gripped by the horror of the wounded earth, and, by means of television, Telstar, and the press, the effect reached every person with a spark of imagination, here and abroad. If this is what one bomb can do, what would fifty do?

Would such a lesson help to free us from the bondage to the past? One must leave the question to the social psychologists.

BABIES: In 1961 I attended a cultural exchange conference in the Crimea, where American writers, scientists, and artists met with their Russian counterparts. When the American delegation raised the population question, the Russians denied there was such a problem—obviously following the party line. The Malthusian idea that population tends to outrun subsistence was, they said, "completely unacceptable." (The MacArthur point about mutual suicide, on the contrary, was quite acceptable.) The reason seems to be that Russia lost 20,000,000 dead in World War II, most of them potential fathers. The birth rate was cut way back. There is no population explosion now behind the Iron Curtain, and there will be none for some years to come. (There is none in Western Europe either.) Unfortunately, we cannot say the same for Asia, Africa, or Latin America. The Russians will soon begin to feel its impact, as they try to underwrite ex-colonial countries where people increase faster than food.

Population in the emerging nations is now growing at the rate of almost 3 per cent a year. For every 1,000 persons in January, there will be 1,03[illegible] next January. In twenty-three yea[illegible] there will be 2,000 persons; population will have doubled. The hungry world is characterized by a per capita income of $100 or less per year, and an illiter-

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acy rate of 50 per cent or more. It comprises two-thirds of humanity, and is growing twice as fast as the affluent one-third. The U.S. rate is higher than that of Europe, but far below that of Latin America, Asia, and Africa.

The Population Reference Bureau cites the island of Mauritius in the Indian Ocean as "a symbol and a warning." Its population in 1946 was 428,000, on an area about half the size of Long Island. Then modern science arrived, with DDT to control malaria, and other public health measures. In five years the death rate fell from thirty-six per 1,000 to fourteen, while the birth rate rose a little. By 1961 there were 656,000 people on the island, a 50 per cent increase in fifteen years, due almost entirely to excess of births over deaths. If this continues Mauritius will be swamped by 2,000,000 persons by the end of the century, and the island "reduced to indescribable misery."

A similar crisis is developing all over the underdeveloped areas, says the Bureau. High birth rates combine with falling death rates "to produce such a rapid rise that efforts to improve conditions are completely thwarted." There are now more poor people, more illiterate people, and more unskilled people on the planet than ever before, and year by year their numbers climb.

More food can certainly be grown or synthesized, but this demands huge blocks of capital for dams, irrigation systems, erosion control, fertilizer and chemical plants, tractors, agricultural schools. If the food supply can be increased by 1 per cent a year—an optimistic estimate—and population continues at 3 per cent, sooner or later the time-honored adjusters may be expected to move in—mass famine, infant mortality, new varieties of contagion, perhaps exposure of the aged.

There appears to be only one reasonable answer—the control of the birth rate to a point where people expand no faster than subsistence. Japan has shown the way, reducing her birth rate from thirty-four per 1,000 to eighteen in recent years. Population, which threatened to overwhelm the islands, is now growing at 1 per cent a year, and Japan expects an actual labor shortage in the 1970s. Demographers calculate that to maintain a stationary population, the birth rate and the death rate must balance at about fourteen per 1,000.

In introducing the Alliance for Progress, President Kennedy warned that South America's population explosion imposed a limit on economic development. Since then, however, a curtain has fallen. Says D. S. Greenberg in *Science*:

> It appears that the administration has no inclination to incur the enormous political hazards involved in promoting birth control. The field is left to a few American foundations, which, with limited resources, have been assisting the Indian and Pakistan governments; and to Sweden, which appears likely to become the most significant force for attempting to reverse the population explosion.

The United States Government seems to suffer from a cultural lag in this department almost as severe as that in the military establishment.

BULLDOZERS: The more goods we have the more goods and services we seem to need to offset the complexities of affluence. Consider the motor car. It cannot operate in quantity without remaking both the landscape and the institutions of the society which accepts it. The United States and Canada have been subjugated; Europe is on the way. Russian planners told me in Moscow that they do not propose to be overwhelmed—little do they know! Accessory services include oil fields, refineries, superhighways, vast plains of black-top, motels, garages, filling stations, traffic police, signal systems, huge industrial establishments, and fleets of ambulances.

A collateral paradox is that the faster technology permits us to go at one point, the slower we often go at another. Surging chariots, capable of 120 miles an hour, crawl along at two miles an hour in traffic jams. It often takes longer to taxi from Times Square to a New York airport than to fly from the airport to Washington.

The bulldozer shears off the sides of mountains to blast a path for a six-lane highway, and shatters woodland and meadow for a 500-lot subdivision. It is not responsible, of course, for all our environmental lesions, but for enough to serve as a symbol. It also looks the part of a devouring monster from the Silurian age. The plow, drawn by its brother the tractor, uproots the native cover of the plains and promotes deserts. Its small brother, the outboard motor, increasingly jams the waterways.

Bulldozers are the chief architects of a condition which students of regional planning are coming to call "spread-city." A typical pattern shows lots for single dwellings, interspersed with scattered factories, stores, shopping centers, parking lots, tied together with a network of freeways. Little natural open space remains; brooks go underground.

California Tomorrow, a conservation agency, labels this pattern "slurbs—our

(*Continued on page* 35)

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Russians at an Exhibition

THE yellow-and-white royal stables of the Czar, a mammoth rectangular affair in the heart of Moscow, were converted into an exhibition hall after the Russian Revolution. Recently, the Soviet guild of artists took over the hall for the most ambitious and comprehensive art showing Moscow has seen in many years.

What made this particular exhibition different from all previous ones was not just that the artists themselves selected the work to be shown but that some of the artists had parted company with "socialist realist" themes and techniques. Generally speaking, socialist realism meant that art was to be explicit, comprehensible, and was to deal with themes clearly compatible with the forward movement of people's socialism.

This produced one of the interesting paradoxes in twentieth-century history: the revolutionary thrust in Russian politics and ideology never really reached art and architecture. Literalism was in; the creative distortion that can lay bare an inner reality, giving art to life and life to art, was out. Increasingly, the work of painters took on the complexion of poster art. Smiling, happy faces looked out unfailingly from an almost infinite number of canvases in railroad stations, government offices, community halls, and walls of private homes.

Not that Russian artists were unwilling or incapable of participating in the general movement of experimentation sweeping through the Western world. Shortly after the Revolution, in fact, there was a sudden outpouring of abstract art by Russian artists. Almost all of this work, however, was destined for storage in cellars or country inns far removed from Moscow after being denounced as unacceptable, decadent, and retrogressive. From this point on, Soviet art generally showed the effects of conformity. It became politically oriented, lacking in individual style or distinction, though much of it showed high technical proficiency.

In recent years, however, with the general loosening up from Stalinist policies, artists have been venturing cautiously into more individualistic forms of expression. One of the most potent forces in the country for artistic experimentation has been Ilya Ehrenburg, author, critic, and close friend of Picasso. It was Ehrenburg who three years ago broke the barriers against modern art wide open by arranging for a one-man show of Picasso's work. The exhibition was a spectacular success, both in Moscow and Leningrad.

Despite increasing opposition to Ehrenburg in the press, many artists felt emboldened to follow their own dictates on canvas, even though their work didn't immediately go on exhibition. The big day, however, came a few weeks ago when more than two thousand items went on display in the converted exhibition hall. The show was a national event; it was also a sensation. Crowds gathered early in the morning and waited hours just for tickets at a later showing; the long lines were reminiscent of those at New York's Radio City Music Hall during Easter Week.

The works on display, let it be said at once, were far from surrealistic or non-objective, as these terms are generally understood outside the Soviet Union. And a substantial number of them followed traditionalist lines. But there were enough innovations to shiver the timbers of the old stables. Poster art was definitely in retreat. Painters were painting rather than illustrating. An unmistakable creative relaxation was apparent; even whimsy was detectable now and then.

Work of every description was on view—all the way from a postcard-size water color to a head-and-torso sculpture of Van Cliburn, the young American pianist who has made a profound impression on the Russian people. In between were oils, water colors, murals, line drawings, sculptures, woodcuts, carvings, mosaics, etc. Whatever the size or genre of the material on display, one thing was clear: Many of the artists seemed to be painting what *they* wanted to paint.

Few internal developments in the recent history of the Soviet Union are more genuinely encouraging than the fact of this art show and the intellectual ferment it has produced. I confess I have seldom spent a more memorable few hours abroad than I did when I visited the exhibition and observed Russian spectators as they became embroiled in spirited controversy over various paintings or pieces of sculpture. In the following account the various comments and arguments lose a great deal of their original flavor in translation but the sense has been retained.

A WOMAN in her sixties stood in front of a large, highly impressionistic woodcarving of a young woman with a violin. She shook her head in disbelief. Nearby, a girl of nineteen or twenty looked at the carving with obvious approval.

The elderly lady spoke up.

"Maybe you can tell me what this is all about," she said to the girl.

"Certainly," the girl replied. "It's the way this particular artist happens to interpret a woman playing the violin."

"He must be out of his mind," the woman said. "Not in all the world is there a woman who looks like this, with or without a violin."

"What difference does it make?" said the girl. "She lives in the mind of

—*Photos by N.C. (Retina S).*

Inside a cathedral in Kiev: "The traditional religiousness of the Russian people . . ."

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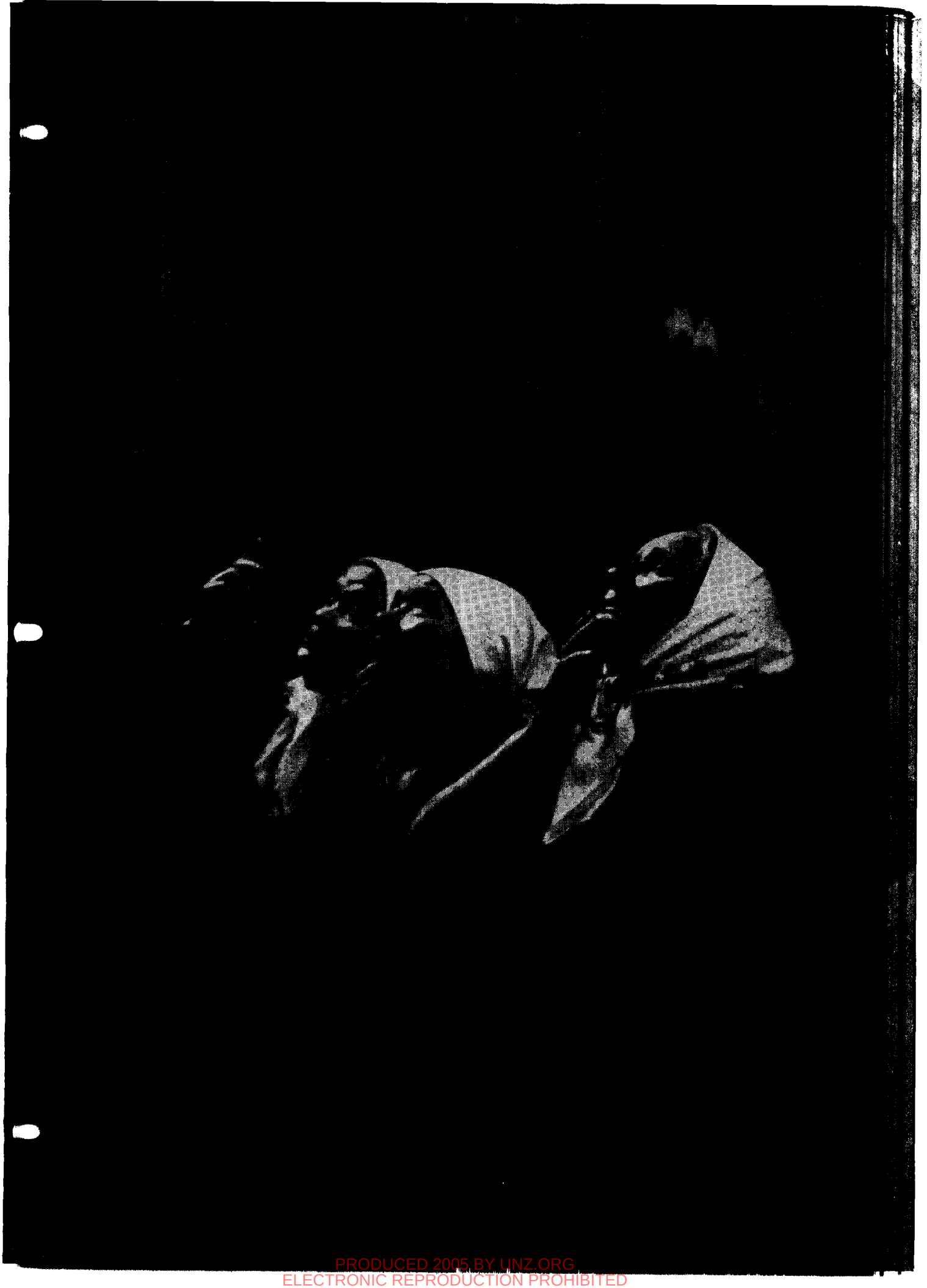

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Outside the Exhibition Hall. Crowds queue up early for tickets to the new show put on by Soviet artists: ". . . A national event."

Inside the Hall. More than two thousand items—"All the way from a post-card-size water color to a sculptured head-and-torso of Van Cliburn."

Observers view a woodcarving of a woman with a violin: "She lives in the mind of the artist and he has brought her to life . . ."

the artist and he has brought her to life. That is what is important."

"All right, all right," the woman said, "but does that make it art?"

By this time a dozen or more persons had tuned in on the discussion. One of them, a young man with books under his arm, joined the exchange.

"The girl is absolutely right," he said. "No artist should be required to paint things the way anyone else sees them."

"No one asked you," said the woman. "Anyway, whatever it is, it isn't art."

"Who are you to say whether it is art or not?" a balding middle-aged man put in.

By this time, the crowd around the debaters had swelled to fifty or more. And now, four or five people were speaking heatedly at the same time. Over the din, I could hear the young man with the books pronouncing that it was obvious that Moscow was filled with a lot of people who didn't know the first thing about important new trends in art. And a woman's voice from somewhere in the crowd cried out that this whole exhibition was probably just one great big practical joke, and that the reason some of the artists painted or carved so grotesquely was because this was the only way they could attract attention.

I moved to another section of the gallery where another argument was just beginning. Three men and a woman were standing in front of an oversized painting of an anatomically dubious and spectacularly proportioned nude.

"Rather interesting," said a man.

"Interesting?" asked another man. "What's interesting about a freak?"

"I can tell you know nothing about the Picasso school of modern artists," said the first man.

"Don't be so damned superior," said the second man. "I don't have to admire artists like Picasso if I don't want to."

"Quite so," said the first man, "but please allow for the fact that there are a lot of people who know something about art who think that Picasso is a great artist."

"I don't care what they think. You know what I think? I think a lot of them are poseurs. They try to appear oh so smart by making a pretense of knowing more than most people. But I tell you any man with common sense and two good eyes knows what is beautiful and what is not."

"I don't know whether you realize it," said the first man, "but you have just used every cliché against modern art. Bring yourself up to date. If you want things to be literal and beautiful, why don't you buy yourself a camera

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and take pictures? I don't doubt that you can find yourself a nude who looks the way you think a nude should look."

Once again, about thirty or forty onlookers pressed in on the controversy.

"I am not narrow-minded," said an elderly gentleman, "but what is the point of this painting?"

"The point is that there doesn't have to be a point to it," someone replied. "Artists no longer have to treat us like little children. Let them paint what they want to paint, and not worry about making any points."

"You're talking nonsense," said the elderly gentleman. "Just look at this painting. It's absurd. Did you ever see a woman with displaced breasts like that?"

"Frankly, yes," said another man. "But even if I hadn't, I have to allow that the artist's perception may be wider than yours or mine."

"Real artists don't need real models," said a familiar female voice. I recognized the young lady who had defended the sculptor in the earlier debate just around the corner.

"But once you admit the artist has invented the way a person looks, you also admit that he's dreaming up things, and is therefore not painting real life. Let him dream somewhere else—not in an art gallery." This observation had a male voice behind it.

"I think eveyone here is missing the point," said a well-dressed young man. "Everyone seems to be debating whether there's any justification for modern art. Those who say yes seem disposed to be completely uncritical about *all* modern art. Those who say no seem disposed to condemn *all* of it. Both are wrong. Why shouldn't we be able to make distinctions between good and bad modern art? I look at this painting, for example, and say to myself: 'This is a bad painting—not because it is modern but because it is poorly painted.'"

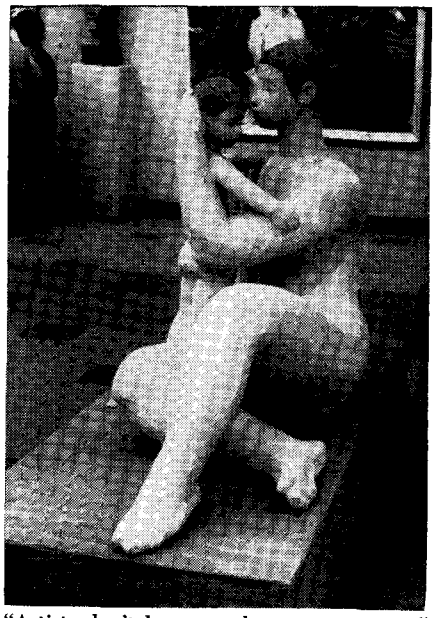
"Fair enough," said an elderly gentleman, "but there's no way of judging whether these modern paintings are good or bad. What basis for evaluation is there? Certainly it's not techinque. Nor is it beauty or something special the artist has to say to us. So what we are left with, finally, is utter anarchy affecting everybody—the artist, the critic, the public. Years from now we will all look back and wonder how it lasted as long as it did."

"What this country needs is a good course in art appreciation," the young lady said. "It's about time we all realized that artists don't have to please anyone but themselves."

"If artists want to please themselves, then why do they put their work on exhibition?" asked another male

A lively discussion develops over one of the experimental paintings: "A heartening manifestation of the trend away from Stalinist habits."

"Did you ever see a woman . . . like that?"



"Artists don't have to please anyone . . ."

Abstract design on exhibit: "Who are you to say whether it's art or not?"

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Bookstalls near the Metropole Hotel: "What is happening in art is a reflection of ferment in other forms of creative expression."

voice. "Why do they expect us to come out here to applaud them? The purpose of the artist should be to see things more deeply than most people and then, because of his creative skill, to communicate what he sees to others. He shouldn't be forced to see only beautiful things, but he does have the obligation to share his insights. And he should know how to paint, otherwise he's not an artist but something else, not necessarily a fraud, but not an artist, perhaps a designer."

"Exactly right," said another woman. "I have no objection to experimentation. But I'd like to see this experimentation carried on by real artists. What I mean is, before a man starts being obscure let him master his craft; let him prove he really knows how to paint. I can respect a real artist who decides to go in for abstractions. But I don't feel right about having a lot of incompetents and phonies take advantage of my good nature by declaring themselves to be artists, with nothing to back it up except the reluctance of people to admit they don't understand."

"Who's reluctant?" a man demanded "I think the man who painted this nude is a plumber."

"You're not condemning the artist when you talk like that," a young lady countered. "You're only condemning yourself."

"At least you must admit I'm not alone," the man replied. When Nikita Sergeyevich [Khrushchev] was here the other day he said that he couldn't make out what some of these paintings were all about."

"Nikita Sergeyevich is entitled to his opinion," said the young lady, "and I am entitled to mine."

There was a stony second or two of silence. Then the young lady continued.

"Nikita Sergeyevich isn't an art critic. We can respect his opinions on art but we don't have to accept them."

"She's absolutely right," a man said. "Nikita Sergeyevich came to see the show as a spectator and not as Chairman of the Council of Ministers. He didn't like some of the paintings but he didn't order the paintings to be dropped from the show. And he didn't say we couldn't come to see for ourselves."

As I say, it was a memorable experience. It represented a heartening manifestation of the trend away from Stalinist habits and attitudes. To be sure, the exhibition produced a severe counter-reaction from the party journals. Many of the old adjectives—bourgeois, decadent, corrupt—have been marshalled against the more venturesome artists. But this is not the significant thing. The significant thing is that it was possible to hold the exhibition despite this opposition. The significant thing, too, is that the public has become involved in the affair and apparently relishes the experience. Equally important: what is happening in art is a reflection of ferment in other forms of creative expression.

Even architecture has caught the new tempo. Traditionally, Russian architecture is massive, bulbous, knobby. But now, smack in the middle of the Kremlin, there has just been erected the Russian counterpart to New York's Philharmonic Hall, though much larger —a handsome, clean-lined concrete-and-glass structure that serves both as a concert hall and assembly. It seats 6,000 and the acoustics are excellent. Its location among the old multi-turreted, ornamental buildings of the Kremlin makes it as striking as a white-hulled racing sloop in a harbor full of ferryboats.

In literature, too, the departure from stereotyped themes and approaches, the candid works of Ilya Ehrenburg, and the critical poems of Yevgeny Yevtushenko, are well known. What is not so well known in the United States is that the most discussed book in recent months in the Soviet Union is "A Da in the Life of Ivan Denisovich," by A. Solzhenitsyn*. It tells the story of a

*EDITOR'S NOTE: *Published in American translations earlier this month by both Praeger and E. P. Dutton.*

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true experience in a Soviet concentration camp. The story first appeared in *Novy Mir*, the monthly literary journal. It created an immediate sensation. The author was not a professional writer; his style was utterly simple and so characteristically Russian in its directness that some literary critics believe it defies adequate translation. Be that as it may, this matter-of-fact account of life in a concentration camp has come as even more of a jolt, perhaps, than the publication of Yevtushenko's protesting poems in *Pravda*. Finally, the fact that Chairman Khrushchev himself authorized publication lent additional importance to public discussion.

In religion, as has often been noted, more than forty years of Communist teachings have failed to stem the traditional religiousness of the Russian people. According to one estimate, there were more baptisms in the Soviet Union last year than in any other nation in Europe or Asia.

This loosening-up process has been graphically described by such seasoned observers as Henry Shapiro, Harrison Salisbury, Harry Schwartz, Marvin Kalb, Edmund Stevens, John Scott, and Priscilla Johnson. As they have pointed out, the fact of such change does not mean that the Soviet Union has achieved an open society or that it is apt to do so reasonably soon. But it is costly ignorance to regard the Soviet Union as unchanged from what it was at the height of the Stalin terror.

The internal amelioration in the Soviet Union does not necessarily make Russia less of a challenge to the United States today than it was ten years ago. Conceivably, the challenge is greater, in the sense that the Soviet Union today is far stronger—economically, industrially, culturally, scientifically, educationally—than it was in the Stalin regime. Agriculturally, like almost all the other Communist nations, the Soviet Union has been suffering from chronic underproduction. Substantial gains have been registered in housing, but the unmet needs are still titanic. On the whole, however, it is a far different nation from what it was in the pre-Khrushchev period. It is more resolved, confident, cohesive. And few developments are more indicative of the surer new public tone than the give-and-take in the cultural field.

In any case, it is important for the United States to address itself to real situations and not to misconceptions based on obsolete information. For the Soviet Union aims to come out on top in the world; Mr. Khrushchev has said so at least a dozen times and it would be a grave error not to take him seriously. Since victory is impossible in any nuclear showdown, that leaves only the non-military arena as a zone of decision. Preparedness for competition in this arena is every bit as essential and demanding as preparedness on the military level. The strength of our society and the demonstration we provide of the power of purposeful freedom; our ability to look at ourselves and others objectively; how we go about using the totality of our resources for bettering the human condition on earth; the kind of support we attract among other peoples for a structured peace under law—all these are involved in the present confrontation.

Dealing with the challenge of the Soviet Union today requires not only that we adjust our sights in order to cope with the fact of comprehensive change in that country; it also requires that we raise our sights in order to see our essential opportunities. For a nation, like a work of art, is a creative process. It calls for depth of thought and feeling and the ability to see purposes as living things. —N.C.

The new concert-and-assembly hall inside the Kremlin grounds—"As striking as a white-hulled racing sloop in a harbor full of ferries."

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ON WRITING AND BAD WRITING

JOHN CIARDI in his article "On Writing and Bad Writing" [*SR*, Dec. 15] becomes involved in a mess of mysterious editorial pedagogy. The effect is to place Mr. Ciardi in a position of pomp and aloofness that should frighten any aspiring writer.

By any superior editorial standard, the article is contradictory and confused. ". . . The badness of bad writing is never visible to the writer," he proclaims as his one risk at instruction. Then he goes on to say, "A writer can, in fact, develop only as rapidly as he learns to recognize what is bad in his writing." But *bad writing* must be done by *bad writers* who find their bad writing *invisible*.

There is little need for aspiring writers to grope for success through this Ciardian fog. They can learn to write as Ciardi learned: by using the symbols of communication—words—and by finding the means of combining them into articulate messages. The advice is: read voraciously. The complement is: write incessantly. When the stuff begins to make some kind of sense, revise until it makes better sense, and keep revising until mail time.

If the aspiring writer stays in the water long enough, he has an excellent chance of discovering that he can float.

CALVIN RUTSTRUM.
Marine on St. Croix, Minn.

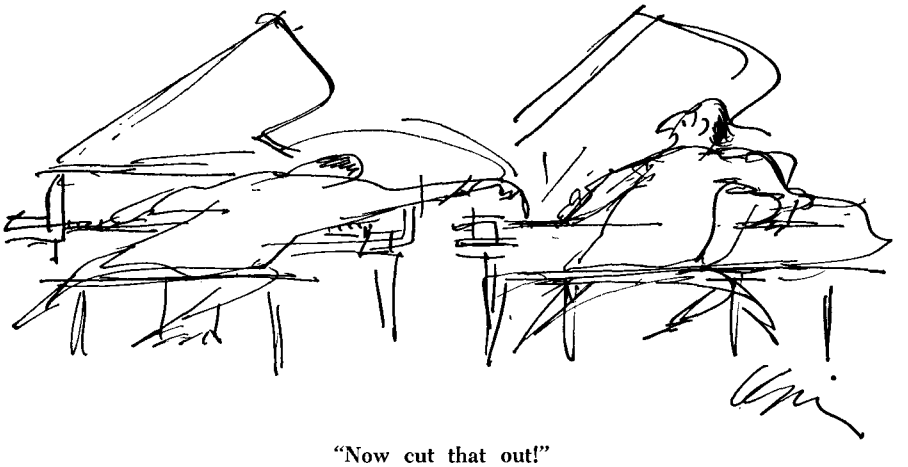
ACCEPTING JOHN CIARDI's dictum that good writers destroy their bad writing—with the recognition, as he stated, that there must be limits to the time one "wastes" on improvement—how much of Shakespeare, were he a great self-critic, do you think he would have allowed to survive?

Genius in writing also consists in recognizing that one's own "worst" is a heritage so much "better" than the less gifted's "best."

R. S. PICARD, M.D.
Shreveport, La.

MR. CIARDI's type turns more young writers away from their craft than starvation, discouragement, and familial abuse combined.

I suggest that Mr. Ciardi does not recognize his own bad writing while he is producing it and, worse, having it published. I refuse to allow the blind to lead the blind and not register a protest. Mr. Ciardi is guilty of a sour grapes attitude. Is he envious of *real* writers? Does he seek to turn away future "names" from the craft? His purpose was certainly not to instruct. As for *SR*'s purpose in publishing his drivel, I'm frankly puzzled. Do you wish to provoke controversy, or what? You don't see merit in his nauseating tripe, do you? If you want to keep your circulation high, give young writers instruction and encouragement. You didn't discourage even one bad writer, but you have discouraged many sensitive, gifted ones. Bad writers are so puffed up with conceit that criticism bounces right off them.



"Now cut that out!"

Though I have no doubt that my criticism of Mr. Ciardi's own bad writing technique will bounce off his conceit, I extend it, nevertheless, in the hope that you will publish fewer pieces of this type.

ROSE MUNDIA.
Clifton, N.J.

ONE MAN'S MEADER . . .

I COULDN'T AGREE more heartily with Cleveland Amory's words about the poor taste (and quality) of the present rash of imitations of President Kennedy et al. [FIRST OF THE MONTH, Jan. 5]. After seeing Vaughn Meader on television I can understand why he resorts to imitation of others as a means of livelihood. Such parodies, even though a passing fad, do nothing to enhance the office of the Presidency and are belittling at a time when people everywhere look to the American President for leadership and inspiration. In my four decades of teaching in secondary schools I was always disturbed to see those students who ridiculed and mimicked others, as well as those who laughed at such performances.

The fad is already passing but the approval given to this sort of thing by many commentators, editorial writers, etc., makes one wonder about the maturity and values of those who profess to be critics of American culture. More power to Mr. Amory for pinpointing such poor taste.

ANNE SISSON.
Bristol, R.I.

ON THE TV BEAT

ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON in his article "Living Color on Television" [*SR*, Nov. 24] neglected an important area regarding the employment of Negroes on television. This is in the field of announcers, "commercial" announcers, and news reporters. There must be many talented, experienced Negoes who qualify for these positions.

I do not think the arguments about economic repercussions are valid, as the ad agencies seem to believe. An intelligent, articulate announcer, whether Negro or white, can only serve to improve the product image and stimulate sales. I can't believe the public would stop buying a good product because the presentation was by a Negro.

It's time some men with "vision and guts," as Mr. Shayon suggests, drop the barriers and hire Negroes in all areas of public communication.

KATHERINE M. ST. ONGE.
Cleveland, O.

IN REFERENCE to the article "Innocent Jeremiah" [*SR*, Jan. 5], in which Robert Lewis Shayon describes "The Beverly Hillbillies" as "valid social criticism," it would seem to me that your magazine is in need of some valid TV criticism.

On the other hand, in view of the ascension of the cult of the absurd, perhaps this article was an attempt at a new kind of absurd criticism. As absurdity, it's good reading.

RICHARD NEIDHARDT.
Abilene, Tex.

THE CAMPUS PUBLISHERS

READING THROUGH Granville Hicks's interesting survey of paperback literary series in "Authors and Academicians" [*SR*, Dec. 15], I found no mention of New York University's Gotham Library, conforming exactly to the pattern of studies that Mr. Hicks reviews. Among the thirty-five authors on whom books have been published or contracted are Shakespeare, Virginia Woolf, Verlaine, Baudelaire, Mallarmé, Gabriela Mistral—authors from several continents and several centuries. If professor Hicks finds the market for paperback studies on major authors "not unlimited," there is still a great need to be filled. Indeed, several of the figures featured : Gotham Library, from Boccaccio to Borge are thus appearing for the first time.

ROBERT J. CLEMENTS, Director,
Comparative Literature Program,
New York University.
New York, N.Y.

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No Happy Endings

IT WOULD be pleasant to report that Stanley Kramer's "**A Child Is Waiting**" is a complete success, but it would also be inaccurate. Mr. Kramer, whose specialty is controversial and offbeat material, here focuses upon that most pitiable of all creatures, the mentally defective child; and his film fairly bristles with facts, figures, and arguments in their behalf. Obviously, his heart is in the right place, for these children require special pleading. Not only are they often hideously deformed, with their mirthless laughs and their bulging, vacant foreheads, but they also lack that basic appeal of the emotionally disturbed: These cannot be saved. For them there can be no happy ending, merely some sort of adjustment of their environment to their limited capabilities.

Under the circumstances, one might anticipate an all-out tug at the heartstrings, an emotional onslaught calculated to make us reach first for the handkerchief, then for the pocketbook. Mercifully, the film, as written by Abby Mann, avoids this. True, there are moments of genuine pathos—the pathos, for example of a lonely child who cannot believe or understand that his parents have abandoned him. But the tenor of the picture is positive and unimpassioned. It shows what can be done for these children, what is being done. For once, one can leave a movie of this kind feeling that society is on the right track.

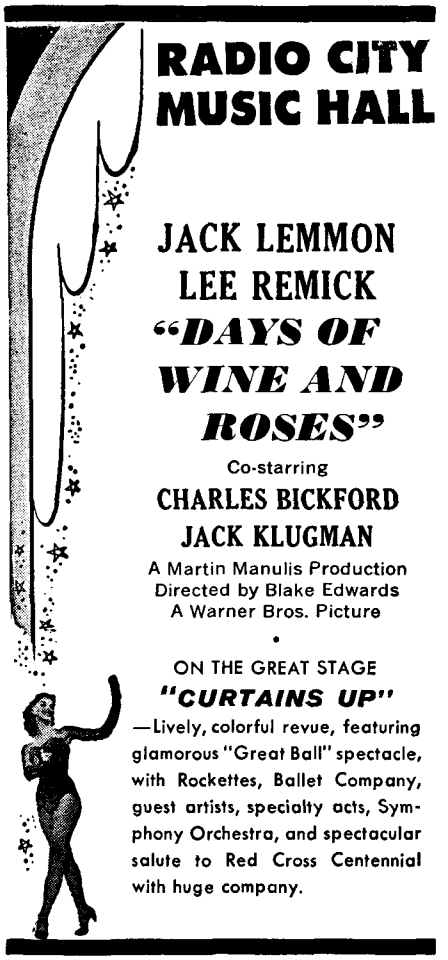
Actually, so long as the camera lingers with the children at work and in their school, it is pretty wonderful. Gradually, they begin to emerge as personalities, pathetically stunted, but also pathetically responsive to affection. (Many of the children in the film are patients at the Pacific State Hospital in Pomona, California.) The highlight is a Thanksgiving show, with the boys and girls dressed as Pilgrims and Indians. Nothing could seem more spontaneous and real. It is amusing without the slightest trace of condescension or exploitation. Wonderful, too, is the way Judy Garland and Burt Lancaster work along with the children. Miss Garland as a teacher, and Lancaster as head of the institution radiate a warmth so genuine that one is certain that the children are responding directly to them, not merely following some vaguely comprehended script.

But if the spontaneous footage is fascinating, the rehearsed sequences are far less so. The script develops a rather involved case history for little Reuben, one of the inmates; and this is fleshed out by Gena Rowlands and Steven Hill as his divorced parents. Under John Cassavetes's awkward direction, they remain remote from the film—stilted, mannered, more absorbed in lines than in emotion. And because they provide the one direct link between the audience and the picture, because they are the sole characters with whom we might identify completely, their coldness and falseness repeatedly bar the way to a full-hearted acceptance of either the children or, in the long run, the film itself. Cassavetes's penchant for playing virtually every shot in extreme close-up is no help either. Perhaps a carry-over from his television days, this technique places a false emphasis upon the early sequences (with the camera twisting wildly to keep the performers within the frame), and ultimately robs his multitude of close-ups of any power to emphasize.

WHATEVER the weaknesses of "A Child Is Waiting," however, it emerges as a minor classic alongside "**Diamond Head,**" another of those vast, hulking, phlegmatic bores carved from a vast, hulking, phlegmatic, best-selling novel. Presumably the producers felt that they had latched onto a cross between "Hawaii" and "Gone with the Wind"—with just a pinch of racism to bring it all up to date. In the effort to cram everything in, incident follows incident at such breakneck haste that nothing—family feuds, a knifing, miscegenation, love, death—ever ascends from the level of primitive reportage to the dramatic. And the film's curious cutting, as Charlton Heston strides his island paradise, makes everything seem no more than ten yards away from anything else. The characters are unattractive, unattractively photographed, and uninterestingly played.

Early in the film, it is revealed that Mr. Heston's dour disposition is traceable to a tidal wave that rolled in suddenly and swept away his wife and child. Frankly, long before "Diamond Head" was over, I found myself longing for those old Sam Goldwyn spectaculars, with one grand tidal wave that would come in and wipe out the film's whole island and its dreary inhabitants. Unfortunately, it didn't.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Less Stately Farmhouse

OF THE forty plays Eugene O'Neill wrote before 1933, **"Desire Under the Elms"** is probably the best. Because it is written in the vernacular of New England farm people, its dialogue is remarkably terse. And because these people live close to nature the action is violent and direct. Unlike "The Iceman Cometh," this 1924 tragedy requires no new revival to uncover its greatness.

Yet there is something else to be revealed about "Desire Under the Elms," and Jose Quintero's new production at Circle-in-the-Square is an admirable attempt to seek out new values in a play that he could have staged with much more forceful theatricality on a conventional stage, had he so chosen.

The mere fact of placing the action on an open playing area changes things immediately. Instead of watching the play's three main characters in conflict with their dominating physical surroundings, the audience views actors as they create the farm around them by their acknowledgement of its presence. And instead of watching a series of dramatic deeds and confrontations, the audience experiences the actors' human reactions to what has been done, and to the events in their own pasts that have set them on their present courses.

As Eben Cabot, Rip Torn seems constantly obsessed with his long-deceased mother and the farm which he feels rightfully belonged to her, and which he should inherit. The adultery he commits with his new stepmother grows out of a desire to get even with his father. And when at the end he finds that he has lost the farm and is relieved of the desire to possess it, his realization that he loves Abbie seems prompted less by passion than by some superstitious sense of rightness.

As Abbie, Colleen Dewhurst shows us from the start the soft, loving womanliness beneath the cold determination to have her way. Her Abbie is a good-hearted girl who so desperately needs a home of her own that she marries the seventy-six-year-old Ephraim to get it. And her seduction of Eben seems to be prompted equally by physical desire and her need to have a child in order to strengthen her ownership of the house. Oddly enough, this powerful and large actress is at her most effective in a moment of complete weakness, when she falteringly tells him of the infanticide she has committed to prove her love.

George C. Scott plays Ephraim as a gnarled old man with a religion of hardness and a will to outlive his juniors. His memorable portrait includes an element of craftiness which, though it is certainly appropriate to the Yankee temperament, occasionally causes us to doubt that he could have been deceived as easily as he is.

David Hays has designed a simple setting using beams and hanging oil lamps to capture the farmhouse flavor. Yet this work is most difficult for open-area playing since certain sectors must stand for different locations at different times. And the long walks from the bedroom area at one end to the exits at the other tend to diminish the tension of the action.

As usual Mr. Quintero's direction concentrates on his actor's inner emotional responses and pays little attention to the play's dramatic climaxes. This gives the action a greater genuineness but weakens some of its theatrical impact. Furthermore, in so tautly written a drama as this one, the audience sometimes interprets such playing as a kind of selfish nonchalance on the part of the character. It may be lifelike not to underline your words with an obvious emotion, but it can also turn out just plain undramatic.

What is most interesting in this production is the subtle and unforced way in which the characters pass from submissive to dominant relationships with each other, and the way possessions and advantages turn almost immediately into burdens. "Nature'll beat ye," says Ephraim, and Mr. Quintero's actors let nature do most of the work until the play ends with everyone committed to a fate they willingly accept because each has been too possessive. Indeed, in this Circle-in-the-Square production one glimpses the stark outline of what O'Neill went on to explore so fascinatingly and complexly in "More Stately Mansions." —HENRY HEWES.

• • •

LATE JANUARY-EARLY FEBRUARY OPENINGS: **"The School for Scandal"** at the Majestic; **"The Laundry"** at the Gate; **"The Love Nest"** at the Writers' Stage; **"A Doll's House"** at Theatre 4; **"On an Open Roof"** at the Cort; **Maurice Chevalier** at the Ziegfeld; **"The Hollow Crown"** at the Henry Miller; **"Brigadoon"** at City Center; **"Kadish"** at the Cort; **"Andorra"** at the Biltmore; **"Photo Finish"** at the Brooks Atkinson.

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Du Pont's Lonely Outpost

THE "Du Pont Show of the Week" presented early in this television season "The Outpost," an original sixty-minute drama by Roger O. Hirson. A group of soldiers of an unidentified country are assigned to observe an enemy frontier for signs of invasion. All the men are military black sheep with service records that cancel their usefulness anywhere else in their country's armed forces. Should they report an enemy attack, their unit would be pulled back from the frontier and the men would be reassigned—an event all of them dread. The enemy slowly builds and finally launches an invasion but the observers observe nothing. Is it occupational blindness or collective deception and suicide?

Ingeniously written, "The Outpost" suggests another frontier in television. It represents a salient into a potential revival of original, live drama of significant quality. Behind the thrust is the Directors Company, a new producing organization which pools the talents of Franklin Schaffner and Fielder Cook, two veteran television directors.

Several successful directors who pioneered in network live drama have left television for films and theatre. The founders of the Directors Company point out that making a feature film often takes more than a year. They prefer diversity in their work and only television can provide it with the frequency they like. Du Pont had undertaken to sponsor sixteen hour-long dramas on NBC this season, and when the network offered Cook and Shaffner creative responsibility for seven of them, they intended to find out whether or not good original drama could once again be done live on television. They also function as executive producers. They choose their own stories, and once the sponsor accepts an outline, the Directors Company has virtual control. Du Pont, like other large advertisers, believes that its television programs come to viewers with the company's calling card. The sponsor "tries not to meddle too much," but its veto power can and often does produce automatic inhibition at the producer's choice point. Television drama has a well-known tradition of conflict between artist and sponsor.

Only three of the Directors Company productions have been presented (all the work of Mr. Cook) as this is written. "The Outpost" was a rather severe play with an unusual plot for TV but its military-political allegory was heavily veiled, thus making it acceptable for the advertiser. "Big Deal in Laredo," by the brilliant short-story writer Sidney Carroll, was the company's second production. As a zestfully played joke about a lady (Theresa Wright) in an extraordinary poker game out West, it was one of the most succesful comedies I have seen on television. Unexpected scoundrels triumphed in a surprise ending but their victims were gamblers so the moral code was fractured only lightly. Least effective of the three productions was "The Shadowed Affair," by Michael Dyne. This was a triangle about a celebrated author (Douglas Fairbanks), his dominating wife (Greer Garson), and a young magazine writer (Lois Nettleton) who is assigned by a magazine to write a profile of her literary hero. Her affair with the Nobel Prize-winner turns out to be merely food for one of his fallow periods, out of which comes his latest novel and the young writer's heartbreak. The mature marriage fort is held against young adultery.

THE first three productions have been done with authority, excellent casting and acting, and imaginative direction. If the coming productions maintain the standard, the Directors Company will have demonstrated that it has much to contribute to live television drama. The case seems made for superior entertainment. But it has not yet been made for intellectual excitement, and this, of course, is a matter of the plays rather than their execution. Since 1958, the "commercial climate" has alienated television writers who were the original excitement-makers, and has brought none to replace them. The Directors Company outpost in television drama is assured of another season. The average ratings yield an attractive cost-per-thousand and du Pont is pleased.

Other directors are reported to be eager to follow the Directors Company lead, but so far the du Pont outpost has been a lonely one. The frontier may advance, however, if a few more sponsors join du Pont and if a resurgent creative group works to pry open that institutional calling-card door. If these things don't happen, the Directors Company will be worth watching as the current quality limit for original live drama on television.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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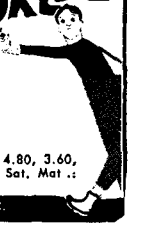
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THE BIG BOLD BRUSH OF FRANZ KLINE

RARELY has an art show generated a stronger emotional charge than Franz Kline's Memorial Exhibition now on view at Brandeis University. This American's recent death arrested a prodigious painter at the height of his power. Organized by the new Washington Gallery of Modern Art as its inaugural exhibition, the show travels to Baltimore in April and finally, after minor but much-needed pruning (there are far too many early works), to important centers in Europe.

I have long admired Kline's paintings and thought I knew them well, but I was scarcely prepared for the smashing impact of the late ones produced shortly before the artist's premature death. And seldom has the word "premature" been more appropriate. These canvases of 1960-61 become (at least for me) his greatest works, as much for their dense complexity as for their unbounded vitality, the latter a characteristic traditionally associated with Kline. Though undeniably "action paintings," the last works seem distilled from more meditative processes than the contained single images of earlier years. Now, for the first time, Kline was able fully to integrate color and paint. His final canvas, "Scudera," glows with transparent layers of color organically interwoven with surging brush strokes. If the brassy optimism of prior years is gone, the old assurance remains and with it a greater authority.

In "Scudera" and other late paintings one senses sweeping elemental forces; yet the tremendous energy of the pigment itself becomes far more exciting than any direct paraphrase. Asked once whether symbolism played a role in his work, Kline observed, "There's imagery. Symbolism is a difficult idea. I'm not a symbolist. In other words, these are painting experiences. I don't decide in advance that I'm going to paint a definite experience, but in the act of painting, it becomes a genuine experience for me."

Some critics find the last canvases over-romantic, preferring the less painterly bluntness of the early Fifties. As for me, I strongly suspect that Kline was at heart a supreme romanticist, a man whose expansive warmth was best revealed in the turbulently brushed and often labyrinthine late works. Like Van Gogh, he drew with the pigment itself, the urgency and rush of the streaking paint becoming the key to his own emotions.

In the catalogue of the exhibition an unforgettable photograph shows the artist smiling, confident, with one arm stretched out in open welcome. His paintings have the same magnetism. We are engulfed by their pulsating paint, by their fervent imagery and bold scale. These are not canvases that adjust to discreet dimensions, nor can one understand them in reduced reproduction. Because the paint is the image, without direct confrontation, Kline's work loses its meaning.

On the day I visited the Kline exhibition in Washington I also stopped off at the Corcoran Gallery, big, cold, dark, inhuman, after the bright intimacy of the newly established Gallery of Modern Art. I went to the Corcoran specifically to see the work of sixteen contemporary German artists, a show that the *New York Times* had considered sufficiently important to review twice, both at length and with approval. I was surprised, perhaps exaggeratedly so, because I found the contrast between these anemic paintings and Kline's full-bodied ones a double indictment. The German exhibition, which by now has moved to the Columbus (Ohio) Gallery of Fine Arts, will travel widely throughout the United States during 1963. It is hard to believe that these innocuous, worked-over canvases, often little better than tasteful designs, are representative of West German art today. Surely somewhere in that embattled country authentic emotions must exist, but if they do, not a single convincing one is bared in these bloodless, if urbane, paintings.

A return visit to Kline's show was like an exhilarating plunge in the ocean after bathing in a tepid swimming pool. His paintings on second view impressed me as singularly American, their raw vigor, their headlong sweep unrelated to any hint of finicky good taste. Kline's death at the age of fifty-one and at the top of his vigor was a blow from which American art will not soon recover. Though his influence is widely felt in this country and abroad, no other artist is able to approximate the speeding yet weighted tensions of his massive brush.

The Washington Gallery of Modern Art chalks up to its credit not only the Kline exhibition but also the first full-scale survey of Reuben Nakian's work to be seen in the East. Why this highly inventive American sculptor, who is well over sixty, has not been given an important one-man exhibition by any of New York's several modern museums is puzzling, and more so in light of the feverish interest that juvenile "pop" art has generated with scarcely a twist of the wrist.

Washington has long been noted for its pioneer Phillips Gallery. Here, due to a magnificent permanent collection, adequate space for comprehensive temporary exhibits is limited. And so the new gallery was established in happy proximity, barely a block away. In fact, the two museums plan at least one joint show each year, the Phillips to concentrate on smaller works. The Washington Gallery of Modern Art

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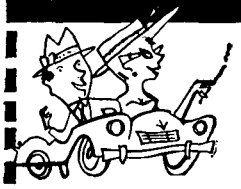

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thus augments rather than competes (and let me add it would be difficult to compete) with the Phillips.

Fortunate on two counts, the new museum has an unusually able director and a gracious four-story building that was originally a home and still feels like one. Wisely, the architecture has been left alone. Merely enhanced by an occasional free-standing wall, white paint and good light, the structure becomes a modest foil for works of art. No glass bricks, no shiny props have been added and we can only hope that the institution never grows too large to keep its present human scale. This is particularly urgent in Washington where row on row of recently erected government buildings are so bleakly impersonal and so anomalously designed as to make the humanization of architecture a pressing need.

Adelyn Breeskin, for many years director of the Baltimore Museum of Art, is now at the head of Washington's new gallery. Experienced, energetic, and knowledgeable, it is she who has spearheaded these first memorable modern surveys. If the institution continues to originate rather than merely borrow exhibitions, it promises to become a welcome innovator in the field of contemporary art. —KATHARINE KUH.

In February Don't Miss:

El Greco to Goya at the John Herron Museum of Art, Indianapolis. Fifty-five works from the United States and Canada spotlight Spanish painting in it greatest period. Opens February 10.

The Armory Show: 50th Anniversary Exhibition at Munson-Williams-Proctor Institute, Utica, N.Y. About 300 of the original 1,300 works from this history-making event will demonstrate why the Armory Show was the single most explosive influence on twentieth-century American Art. Opens February 17.

Vasily Kandisky: Retrospective Exhibition at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York. A Russian of titanic dimensions who died seventeen years ago and who vastly influenced modern art is shown in a full-scale exhibition of about 100 paintings.

George Caleb Bingham: Drawings at M. Knoedler & Company, New York. Five paintings and 117 drawings are shown. Bingham, who worked in Missouri, was one of America's outstanding nineteenth-century genre painters. The drawings are all lent by the St. Louis Mercantile Library.

The Three B's

Continued from page 23

sloppy, sleazy, slovenly, slipshod semi-cities." Slurbs convert good cropland into a dismal mixture of used-car lots, pizza parlors, drive-in movies, and trailer parks, scattered helter-skelter on a wallpaper background of subdivisions. Over it all rises an ever-thickening blanket of smog.

Business in the core city is declining while its residents slip down the income scale. The unskilled, the less educated, the high school dropouts remain, while the middle class moves outward to find space for children, only perhaps to encounter a black-top wasteland. Working hours at office and shop have declined, but not when measured from portal to portal, as the bread-winner creeps along the freeway in a cloud of carbon monoxide.

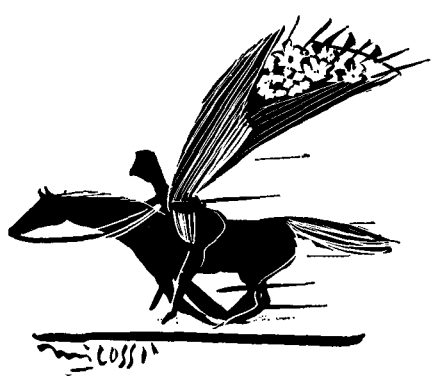
Spread-city, now standard in the United States and expanding in Europe, tends to be a rootless place, lacking community life and offering forms of discomfort and dislocation hitherto unknown, with juvenile delinquency as an alarming symptom. It is the creation of the internal combustion engine, which proceeds on a life of its own, leaving human beings increasingly out of place amid its fumes and disorder. Technical details are often excellent—sports cars, cabin cruisers, refrigerators, washing machines, bathrooms, Dorado Beach, a concert hall and art museum here, a research laboratory there; but the over-all structure is chaotic. With nearly twice our present population due by the end of the century, spread-city does not bear thinking of.

We live in a thin lamination on the surface of our small planet, between an ocean of air above, and the rocky crust beneath. Up in a rocket it grows steadily colder, down in a mine it grows steadily hotter. The air must be pure if we are to breathe; the soil must be arable if we are to eat; the water must be clean if we are to drink. Two-thirds of the globe is covered with salt water, while polar ice, tundra, mountains, swamps, deserts, and rain forest reduce living space to not more than one-eighth of the globe's surface.

Light, air, water, soil, plants, animals, man are linked in an ecological unity. Any damage to one has immediate and serious repercussions on the others. Man has created deserts by overgrazing in the past, but these are minor compared to the massed assaults on living space now in process. Not only spread-city, but pollution of air and water, strip-mining, dust storms, the effects of pesticides as argued by Rachel Carson, fallout, sonic boom, radioactive wastes from atomic power plants dumped into rivers and the sea, the disruption of the Van Allen belt by nuclear explosions in outer space—all are hacking away at our thin lamination.

"Man," says Raymond Bouillenne, writing in *Science*, "is reluctant to accept his place in nature." Indeed, he often seems determined to wreck that balance of nature in which he lives and has his being.

JAMES THURBER in one of his fables describes a conference of ostriches, depressed because they cannot fly. One, named Oliver, complains that men can fly sitting down while ostriches cannot fly at all. "The old ostrich looked at Oliver severely, first with one eye, then with the other. 'Man is flying too fast for a world that is round,' he said. 'Soon he will catch up with him-



self in a great rear-end collision, and Man will never know that what hit Man from behind was Man.'"

There is of course no entity "man"—just men and women, grouped in the normal frequency distribution curve, with geniuses at one end and dullards at the other. Somewhere in between is a group with intelligence and imagination in every country who are becoming aware of what "man" must do if he is to avoid that rear-end collision.

Absolute sovereignty must be abandoned, the arms race reversed, institutions for the peaceful settlement of national disputes set up. The rate of population increase must be kept in phase with the food supply. Living space must be defended for living. Above the normal run of problems in the headlines tower these three. Applied science created them all, and a combined scientific and humane effort could solve them. But, as the clock on the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* indicates each month, it is close to high noon.

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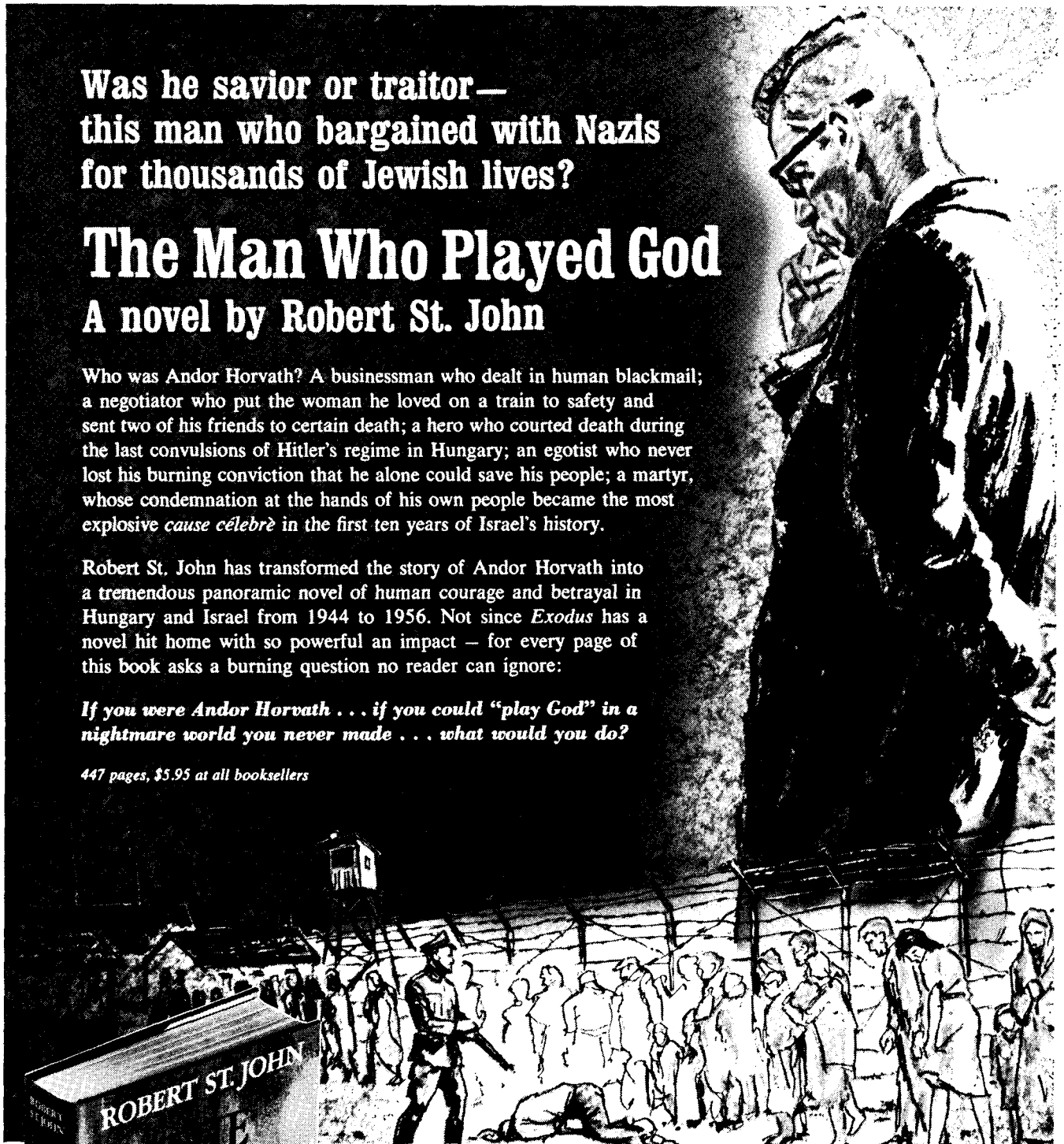

DOUBLEDAY publishers of these four other great best sellers

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A Glass Menagerie

By GRANVILLE HICKS

IT SEEMS altogether likely that J. D. Salinger's new book, **"Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters, and Seymour: An Introduction"** (Little, Brown, $4), will be given a cool reception. After the success, quiet at first but eventually spectacular, of "The Catcher in the Rye," came the great popularity of "Franny and Zooey," attended by the full treatment in the Luce publications. Now we can expect the reaction, already heralded by Mary McCarthy (in *Harper's Magazine* for October 1962), a critic whose dagger thrust is a kind of accolade.

Like its predecessor, the volume is made up of two stories originally published in *The New Yorker*. The four, incidentally, constitute the entire body of Salinger's published work since 1953.

Again like the other two, these are concerned with members of a family by the name of Glass. The first mention of the Glass family appeared in a story published in 1948, called "A Perfect Day for Bananafish," whose climax was the suicide of Seymour Glass. Another 1948 story, "Uncle Wiggily in Connecticut," introduced the former fiancée of one of Seymour's brothers who had been killed in a postwar accident in Japan, and a 1949 story, "Down at the Dinghy," dealt with one of his sisters.

Some critics assume that Salinger had the whole family saga clearly in mind when he wrote "A Perfect Day," but I believe that the work so far is an elaborate improvisation. "A Perfect Day" is a good story but a conventional one, with characters who, though not types, are easy to define, and with a climax that, however right it is in terms of the story itself, is hard to reconcile with later developments. "Uncle Wiggily" and "Down at the Dinghy," which are first-rate in themselves, are only footnotes to the saga. Even in "Franny," I suspect, the larger design was only beginning to take shape, and it was not until "Raise High the Roof Beam" that its outlines could be discovered. By the time "Seymour" was written the themes were stated, but Salinger was still engaged in devising variations.

Looked at coolly, the two stories in the present volume raise difficulties for both the admirers of Salinger and those who are out to get him. "Raise High" displays his virtues: for instance, his mastery of dialogue—even Miss McCarthy speaks of his "cruel ear"—and his humor. When he is writing realistic narrative, as in his account of Buddy's ride after Seymour has failed to show up for the wedding, he is superb, and in the extracts from Seymour's journals he makes the points he wants to make. "Seymour" is more of a problem. Buddy Glass, who tells both stories and is in many ways Salinger's *alter ego*, carries on in what he accurately describes as "the wordy style to which I am accustomed." The story is more readable than it seemed when I pursued it—endlessly, I felt—through the pages of *The New Yorker*, but I still find it at times unbearably self-conscious and coy. At other times, however, it speaks with power and authority.

Miss McCarthy's thesis is that Salinger, while posing as an enemy of phoniness, is himself a phony and an egoist of gigantic proportions. He divides people into the good and the bad, she charges, and the good people turn out to be very few and remarkably like Salinger himself. It is no wonder, she ends triumphantly, that Seymour committed suicide: he had discovered that he was a fake.

It is true, of course, that Holden Caulfield in "The Catcher in the Rye" speaks disparagingly of a good many people, but what Miss McCarthy ignores or minimizes is the extent to which his scorn is balanced by compassion. He worries about the ducks in Central Park, speaks comforting words to the woman on the train, is touched by the nuns in the station, feels sorry for the girls in the nightclub. He cannot even sustain the contempt and hatred he originally feels, for in the end he says: "About all I know is, I sort of *miss* everybody I told about. Even old Stradlater and Ackley, for instance. I think I even miss that goddam Maurice."

—*Museum of Modern Art.*

"Acrobats," by Charles Demuth.

Like Holden, the members of the Glass family have a sense of their superiority; but, again like him, they strive not only to be just to others but to love them. In a passage in his journal, of which Miss McCarthy quotes only the first sentence, Seymour writes:

> I'll champion indiscrimination till doomsday, on the ground that it leads to health and a kind of very real, enviable happiness. *Followed purely* it's the way of the Tao, and undoubtedly the highest way. But for a discriminating man to achieve this, it would mean that he would have to dispossess himself of poetry, go *beyond* poetry. That is, he couldn't possibly learn or drive himself to *like* bad poetry in the abstract, let alone equate it with good poetry. He would have to drop poetry altogether. I said it would be no easy thing to do. Dr. Sims [a psychiatrist] said I was putting it too stringently—putting it, he said, as only a perfectionist would. Can I deny that?

This is the heart of the problem Salinger is attacking: how can a person maintain the highest standards for himself, be a perfectionist, and still respect and love people whose standards are lower? In the much discussed parable of the Fat Lady, Zooey tells Franny: "there isn't anyone *anywhere* that isn't Seymour's Fat Lady." Miss McCarthy asserts that the Fat Lady is only "the kind of everybody the wonderful Glass kids tolerantly approve of"; she cannot, for instance, be an intellectual. Yet Zooey specifically names Franny's Professor Tupper. He means what he says — everybody.

Seymour aspires to be a saint—there is no other way of putting it—and it is very difficult in these days to portray

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a saint or even a would-be saint. The major dangers are self-righteousness and sentimentality, and I am afraid that one can find touches of both in the Glass family saga. Yet on the whole Salinger, who is much more aware of the risks he runs than his critics could possibly be, steers a straight course. We can even forgive the mannerisms of "Seymour" because of the insights. To be sure, Seymour, just as a character, let alone as a saint, is not perfectly clear; but this, as Buddy so frequently insists, is only a beginning.

One thing is sure: Salinger remains a remarkably interesting and gifted and serious writer, and I look forward to those Glass stories that he is still vaguely promising. If, now, he has to pay the price that is usually exacted for a bright success, it won't do him any harm in the long run. What is important is that he should get on with his job.

The Casino of Silence

EDITOR'S NOTE: *On the previous page SR literary critic Granville Hicks evaluates the latest book by America's most-discussed, perhaps most-dissected contemporary author, J. D. Salinger. Because the refractions of his Glass family are so varied, Ihab Hassan sees the new chapters to their saga in a different light. Mr. Hassan wrote the volume of essays "Radical Innocence."*

By IHAB HASSAN

THE NEW Salinger book is a confounding and holy joy. Were it entirely pure, a blank page would have made the best commentary on it. But who amongst us is ready for the Void?

Although the two novelettes gathered here appeared in *The New Yorker*, the dust jacket is new; and on it Salinger makes a brief statement which ends thus: "Oddly, the joys and satisfactions of working on the Glass family peculiarly increase and deepen for me with the years. I can't say why, though. Not, at least, outside the casino proper of my fiction."

Casino is the word: the Glasses are vaudevillians of the spirit, and anything can happen in their house of sad laughter. Furthermore, the author is of antic disposition. But let us laugh with some dread: the Glass casino is also a temple of sorts, and the author is in some ways a desperate man. His language is the chatter on the other side of silence. His hope is to manifest the sacred in all things profane. The temple is a casino of sorts. Nothing like this has occurred in American literature since Whitman.

In the past, the intentions of Salinger's work were defined by the poles of love and of squalor. When the intentions aspired to love, language reached into silence. When the intentions approached squalor, language moved toward sentimentality. It is clear now that Salinger is far more concerned with love than with squalor, and that both the language and the forms, or rather antiforms, of his later stories are conditioned by a sacramental vision. In Zen, the verbal correlative to holiness is often a kind of silence. Salinger, however, is an author, not a *mukta* or Zen master. His task in describing Seymour, a "ringding enlightened man," is to convey in words a life that finds its true consummation beyond words.

The task is even more difficult. Seymour must not only be apprehended; he must be released, too. Seymour haunts all the Glasses. His ghost must be obeyed and also exorcised. His example is the cross they bear and his suicide the event for which they must atone. The central theme is this: the uses and communicability of Seymour's vision, love in daily action, spirit making its home in the world. The Glasses finally learn the lesson of Seymour when they learn to forget him without betrayal. In the two current stories Buddy Glass is the learner. "Raise High" leaves Buddy bowed under the weight of his brother's actions; the form of the story bends under that weight. "Seymour" goes farther. In it, the problem of the artist ravaged by love—the love of Seymour for all, the love of Buddy for his dead brother—is actually dramatized before our eyes. Buddy's atonement is realized at last though his words run wild like the wind; the form of the story lies shattered.

The form *must* be shattered, and language must aspire to a wordy silence. This is the stunning achievement of Salinger. Some may feel that the embarrassing mannerisms of the stories—their garrulousness, convolutions, private jokes, and sly asides—betray the fumbling efforts of the author to render an experience he has not yet mastered. I am not of that opinion. My opinion is that Salinger, in clownish guise, has sought to inhibit the profane impulse of language by indulging language prodigally. "Words are for holding ideas; but when one has got the idea, one need think no more about the words," says the *Chuang Tzu*.

The distrust of language peeps out everywhere. In "Raise High," Buddy, the narrator, is comforted only by the tiny deaf-mute relative of the bride. Buddy says with disgust, "It was a day, God knows, not only of rampant signs and symbols but of wildly extensive communication via the written word." The profanation of language and spirit is ubiquitous. The climax of the story comes when Buddy confesses to deaf ears the truth about Seymour, which he had withheld from all others. Seymour himself is even more repelled by language. The Gettysburg Address, he thinks, should have been one man silently shaking his fist at the audience on the occasion of fifty thousand deaths. Elsewhere he writes frankly, "The human voice conspires to desecrate everything on earth." In "Seymour," language is even more brilliantly diffracted: letters, diaries, footnotes, quotations, scrawled messages, telephone conversations, and endless digressions disperse the power of the word, tilting and jumbling the planes of speech. Buddy, once again the narrator, calls himself a "thesaurus of undetached prefatory remarks"; he teases and exhorts the reader, he masquerades as Salinger. "Oh, you out there—" Buddy cries to the reader, "with your enviable golden silence." The story carries two epigraphs. In the quotation from Kafka, love prevents language from exercising its verbal powers; in the quotation from Kierkegaard, language openly revolts against the author. But the implication is that a true artist will accept the subversion of language in the name of a more integral, a more sacred, art. Cultivating, as it were, his radical insufficiency, the writer, like Seymour playing marbles, must try not to aim, must try not to try.

"I have nothing to say, and I am saying it and that is poetry as I need it," said the experimental composer John Cage. The poetry of silence is endless; the purpose of purposelessness is union. This is most ancient wisdom. Salinger does not fulfill entirely such wisdom. Wit is still his shield and coyness his enemy. But the impurity of man is the artist's reason for being. The comic battle Salinger wages against language is also the tragic battle man fights with eternity. No one in recent fiction has accepted more difficult terms for that battle than Salinger. It is to our honor that he persists in it with love and grace.

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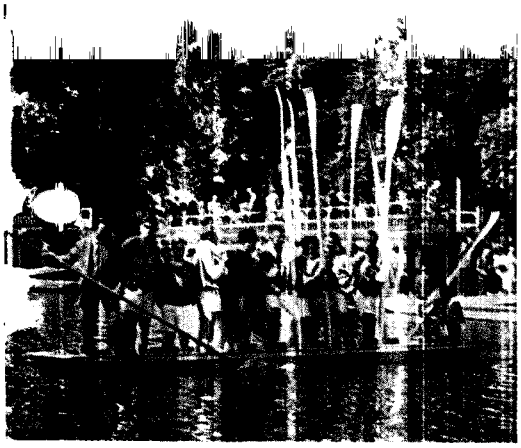
Have fun in Britain in the sparkling Spring

(Only 6½ hours or 5 lovely sea-days from New York)



SKYLARKING. These Oxford students are whooping it up at the Eight's Week races. In May, young men's fancies turn to boating and skylarking. Spring temperatures are ideal for both.

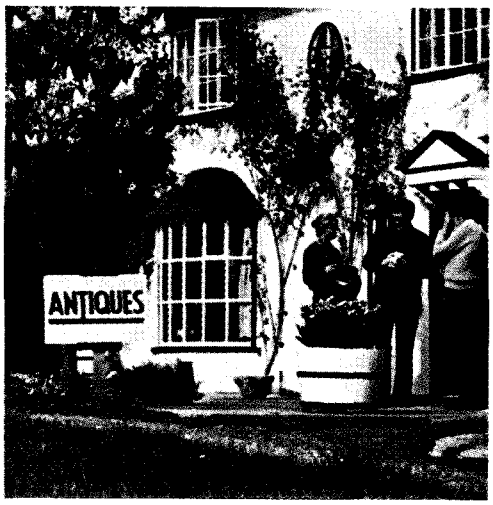
FESTIVALS GALORE. The Shakespeare season at Stratford-upon-Avon begins early in April. The drama festival at Pitlochry in Scotland on April 13. London is a festival all year round.

ART AND PANCAKES. Spring is a heady time in Britain. Even the Royal Academy can't wait to unveil its *Summer* Exhibition. Opening day is May 4. In Olney, housewives run a *pancake* race!

FLOWERS. Primroses pop in sunny Devon in January. By April, flowers bloom in every garden. They're preening themselves for their annual convention—London's Chelsea Flower Show.

ROYAL SPECTACLES. Our photo shows the Life Guards' musical ride at the Royal Windsor Horse Show in May. Backcloth is the Queen's castle. Go to London for the Changing of the Guard.

FOLK DANCING. Villagers of Thaxted greet the Spring with Morris dancing (above). Cornishmen dance a Flora Dance. Vicars, dukes and blacksmiths play cricket on village greens.



TREASURE TROVE. Browse around the antique shops in Britain's pretty villages. You can find marvelous bargains there. Highlight of Spring for collectors is the Chelsea Antiques Fair.

FRIENDLY INNS. There are 60,000 of them, and many reduce their bed and breakfast rates in Spring. Complete your trip by March 31st and you can save up to $136 on transatlantic fares.

For free illustrated booklet, "Britain's Pageant of Spring," see your travel agent or write Box 453, British Travel Association.
In New York—680 Fifth Ave.; In Los Angeles—612 So. Flower St.; In Chicago—39 So. La Salle St.; In Canada—151 Bloor St. West, Toronto.

EW2

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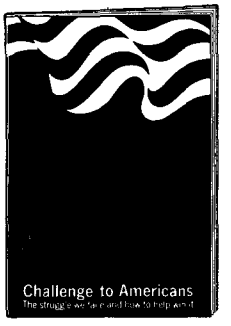
We are challenged
You are summoned

The news is making it clear that this is a testing time for Americans.

At a time of challenge, the American future depends upon the American people: what we think, what we do, how we rise as individuals to the task of meeting great challenge with great achievement.

We each have a part to play.

Yours is described in the timely new citizen action guide "Challenge to Americans" offered here which puts the crisis of the moment in the true perspective of the struggle which is likely to continue for years.



The world situation is far more complex than the emergencies of daily headlines.

As President Kennedy says:

"We are challenged by the revolution of communism. The Communists seek power through conspiracy, terror, aggression and deceit. They exploit and corrupt legitimate revolutionary forces, scavenging on poverty, ignorance, despair.

"And also we are challenged by the revolution of hope in continents long captive to stagnation and despair.

"We are challenged by the revolution in science and technology bringing new boons and new dangers to humanity.

"We are challenged by the revolution in international relationships. Nation has begun to work with nation to solve mankind's common problems. New international bodies are exploring uncharted paths of world cooperation in the interests of worldwide peace, justice, and freedom."

In an age of revolution, we dare not forget that we are heirs to a continuing, liberating revolution. We dare not fail to press that revolution forward, to perfect democracy at home, to make it an example to the world. *Only in earning our freedoms over again can we strengthen them.* Only by extending our freedoms to all mankind can we preserve them.

This we can and must do as individuals. *We must accept our responsibilities as we do our rights, the two are today inseparable.* We must look upon national challenge—whether it is an immediate challenge in Cuba, Berlin, or Asia, or the continuing longer range challenge—as a personal opportunity to do something important for our country. *We must seek to excel, to stand up, to stand out; in our private lives, our homes, our work, communities, schools, in all places, in all things.*

A good way to begin is with a mature understanding of what we are up against and what you personally can do about it. You will find exactly that in the timely new booklet, Challenge to Americans. Endorsed by Presidents Kennedy and Eisenhower, approved by the Department of State, it is an indispensable information and action guide for the purposeful citizen.

We need many such citizens. We need them now. We need you—your value as an individual, your power as the source of our national strength, your aid in deciding our common future.

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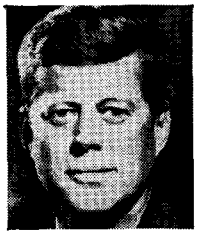
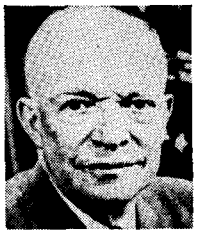
FREEDOM IS NOT A GIFT BUT A TASK

"Understanding — knowing today's challenges, knowing how to meet them—is the theme of this booklet. Let action follow understanding. Let each of us resolve to do something extra for our country in this period of momentous trial and magnificent opportunity."





"I commend this booklet to every American. It shows how you may add to our country's strength. The important thing is to do something and not excuse oneself by thinking 'I can do so little it will make no difference.' It does make a difference, a great difference."

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Preview: The Next Frontier

"The Exploration of Outer Space," by Sir Bernard Lovell *(Harper & Row. 87 pp. $3), tells how radiotelescopes have penetrated the Milky Way and may even be made to look backward in light years to the beginning of time. "Man and Space: The Next Decade" is the latest book by Ralph E. Lapp.*

By RALPH E. LAPP

GALILEO was the first to view the heavens with more power than that of the naked eye. His primitive telescope made use of the magnifying power of glass, but the world revealed thereby was still that which the human eye perceived. It was a world illuminated by rays of light. Nonetheless, the astronomer's view of things was limited and obscured both by the earth's atmospheric haze and by interstellar smog. Even under ideal conditions of seeing, the observable spectrum was bracketed by the infrared and ultraviolet rays. In effect the astronomer looked at the "golden fire" of Shakespeare's "majestical roof" through a narrow and often murky window.

Some thirty years ago Karl Jansky, a Bell Telephone Company researcher, set up a rickety apparatus on a New Jersey farm, hoping to discover why transoceanic telephone communication suffered from interference. In the process young Jansky discovered cosmic radio noise emanating from the depths of space. He never lived to see his discovery flourish into a new branch of astronomy. A fellow American, Grote Reber, took Jansky's results seriously and built a thirty-foot-diameter "dish" in the backyard of his Wheaton, Illinois, home. With this steerable radiotelescope Reber mapped the radio sky, and the new field was his monopoly until scientists turned from their war efforts and constructed their own radio "ears" and devices to tune in on far-off worlds.

In his new book, Lovell makes clear how swiftly scientists have moved to exploit the radiotelescope in the postwar years. The director of the Jodrell Bank 250-foot radiotelescope sets forth the exploits in lucid prose reminiscent of that of Eddington and Jeans. He

(*Continued on page* 44)

Sir Bernard Lovell

THE AUTHOR: By any realistic reckoning, there are three major Space Powers in the world today: the United States, the Soviet Union, and Sir Alfred Charles Bernard Lovell. This order of precedence, of course, is meant to be an approximate one; for, at any given moment, the nettlesome, brilliant director of England's Jodrell Bank Radio Telescope may be pushing both the Soviets and the Americans around. As these professional spacemen know, Lovell's power is in part a result of Jodrell Bank's excellent equipment (the 250-foot radiotelescope boasts the largest steerable antenna in the world) and in part of Sir Bernard's own vivacious personality—British newsmen know they can always count on him to shoot down what he deems to be improper space schemes undertaken by the other two Powers.

Both Lovell and Jodrell Bank started out with more modest intentions. Born in 1913 near Bristol, Lovell was an average student whose main interests were cricket and crystal-powered radio kits. As a graduate student at Manchester University he did cosmic ray research under Nobel Prize-winner P.M.S. Blackett. After the war began, Lovell, like so many other bright young boffins, went into secret radar work. In 1946 he managed to combine these fields when, with the aid of some war surplus electronic gear and a "team" of two gardeners, he set up his radio astronomy shop in the green, rolling pastureland outside Manchester. The giant steerable telescope was begun in 1952, partly with government funds and partly with Nuffield Foundation money; and it has made pioneering contributions to fundamental research, including the experimental checks on Einsteinian theory.

When the Soviet Luniks and U.S. Pioneers began exploring the moon and nearby space, however, Jodrell Bank's big dish was needed for the more practical task of tracking their performances. In the "early years" of the space age—1958-1961—Lovell became a kind of umpire and scorekeeper for the spectacular shoots. In 1960, when Pioneer V beamed a signal more than 21 million miles across space to set a communications record, it was Jodrell Bank on the receiving end. But Jodrell Bank's most dramatic moment came on Sunday, September 13, 1959, when the Soviet's lunar-bound rocket was due to make man's first physical contact with another celestial body. Russian scientists had estimated the impact at two minutes after midnight Moscow time. A few moments before, an American reporter placed a call from New York to Lovell in the control room. "Jodrell Bank?" said the overseas operator in an incredulous British voice. "Surely you must know that banks here are closed on Sunday." When she was finally coaxed into putting through the call, the voice that answered the phone shouted: "It's hit . . . it's just hit. . . ."

Today there would be no such confusion. The voice of Sir Bernard—he was knighted in 1961—has been heard increasingly throughout the land. True, to some sensitive American ears, many of his words sound like so much static. As a zealous umpire, he blew the whistle when American space cadets went ahead with the dubious Needles Project to orbit a cloud of copper wire as part of a military communications experiment ("An act of extraterrestrial contamination . . ."). And he led the chorus of scientific indignation over the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission's Starfish—an H-bomb blast high over the Pacific ("One of the most clumsy and dangerous experiments ever devised . . . [Interference] with the environment of the earth . . .").

There was an inclination at the time to dismiss Lovell's outburst as "British sour grapes" and Lovell as "one of those ban-the-bombers." But a funny thing happened out there in space. The U.S. goofed: the high-energy radiation created by Starfish seriously damaged five American satellites.

—ED DIAMOND.

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shows how radio sky surveys have penetrated the dust-hidden figure of our local galaxy (the Milky Way), how the instrument has reached into space far beyond the power of Mt. Palomar's giant telescope, and how astronomers have uncovered an ever deeper grandeur in the design of our universe. No serious reader can put down this slender volume without having sensed a new appreciation of the ultimate scheme of things.

Our own modest galaxy, a cartwheeling configuration of some 100 billion stars, is but a pinprick of light in the firmament of space. For every person on our planet Earth there exist a billion galaxies beyond our Milky Way. Light rays (or radio waves) take eight minutes to reach us from the sun. They take eight billion years to travel across "the abysm of time" to touch our galactic shore. The radiotelescope looks backward in time, seeing things as they were billions of years ago. It is possible, though by no means sure, that this backward look will decide between the conflicting theories about the evolution of the universe—whether it all began as a big bang and has since been expanding and will sometime fade away, or whether it had no beginning and will have no end but is always in the process of continuous creation.

All parts of the universe seem alive with the noisy hiss of radio signals, some coming from dying supernovae, others from cold hydrogen mist in space, and still others from galactic spectaculars. It occurred to Professors G. Cocconi and Philip Morrison of Cornell University that somewhere amidst this hum of the universe, intelligent radio signals might come through. Sir Bernard admits that ". . . in the observable universe there must be vast numbers of planetary systems similar to that which we ourselves inhabit . . ." but he is reluctant to free his radiotelescope for a systematic search of likely candidate stars in our vicinity. Here in the United States there was hope that the 600-foot radiotelescope being built near Sugar Grove, West Virginia, would be able to listen for faint signals from space, but this bold project was quashed in 1962 by abandonment of the militarily-funded effort. The President's science advisers decided that the high cost of the huge telescope could not be justified on nonmilitary grounds.

Sir Bernard concludes his book with a chapter entitled "Some Reflections on Ethics and the Cosmos." This features a few organ notes of doom. There is an admonishment that "the impact of a terrestrial rocket on Mars or Venus . . . would certainly be an unmitigated scientific and moral disaster: a scientific disaster because the rocket could carry to the planet earthly organisms and thereby severely handicap future biological work, and a moral disaster because man will have presumed the right to inject his own contaminated material into an extraterrestrial environment where organic evolution may well be in progress."

America's decision "to place an American on the moon before a Russian," observes Lovell, "may indeed be recognized in history as one of the fundamental turning points in the world crisis." This optimistic view is explained: "Within two or three decades, when the planets, not the moon, become the target, the expenditure and effort will be so colossal that it will be hard for the nations to sustain the global military machines in a developing state." This assumes that the extraplanetary urge will be overpowering—that it will take priority over national security. I do not believe that political leaders and generals would agree, but if the arms race slackens then I do believe that space activities can provide an outlet and a focus for national energy. Moreover, space business can absorb some of the defense effort and soften the blow to our economy should the defense budget be cut.

Radio astronomy has opened up new vistas for scientists just at a time when earthly instruments are to be exported to orbit and beyond for a clearer look at the universe. These are exciting times in science, and men like Lovell who both pioneer and communicate do a double service for mankind. We are of a species anxious to know what lies beyond but we are, alas, imprisoned by our technology to space travel measured in light-hours rather than light-years. Fortunately, where man's presence is forbidden, his mind may penetrate.

SUGGESTED ADDITIONAL READING:

"Radio Astronomy," by F. Graham Smith (Penguin, paperback, $1.65).

"Cosmic Radio Waves," by I. S. Shklovsky (Harvard University Press, $12.50).

"The Universe at Large," by Hermann Bondi (Anchor Books-Doubleday, paperback, 95¢).

"Frontiers of Astronomy," by Fred Hoyle (Harper & Row, $5.95).

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

DOUBLE OR NOTHING

Below is a group of words each of which contains a double letter. On the basis of the appended definitions, Maurice Paul of Brooklyn, New York, asks you to fill in the blank spaces. Answers on page 51.

1. ___ ___ ___AA___	Biblical prophet
2. ___ ___BB___	English cop
3. ___ ___CC___ ___ ___	God of wine
4. ___ ___DD___ ___ ___ ___	Member of ancient Jewish sect
5. ___ ___EE___	London street
6. ___ ___FF___ ___ ___	Deep orange-yellow
7. ___ ___GG___ ___ ___	He created "She"
8. ___ ___ ___ ___HH___ ___ ___	Landing on enemy shore
9. ___ ___ ___II	Plural of specific line
10. ___ ___JJ___	Moslem who has visited Mecca
11. ___ ___KK___ ___	Native state, India
12. ___ ___LL___	Witticism
13. ___ ___MM___ ___	The Desert Fox
14. ___ ___NN___ ___ ___ ___	Victorian poet
15. ___ ___ ___ ___OO___	West Coast wind
16. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___PP___	Wife to Socrates
17. ___ ___RR___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___	Sea, part of Mediterranean
18. ___ ___SS	Express disapproval
19. ___ ___TT___ ___	He started the '49ers
20. ___ ___ ___UU___	Devoid of matter
21. ___ ___VV___	Get it?
22. ___ ___WW___ ___	Indian conference
23. ___ ___ ___ZZ___ ___	Caller of hour of prayer

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Kings, Queens, and Consorts

"The Great World: Portraits and Scenes from Greville's Memoirs (1814-1860)," edited by Louis Kronenberger *(Doubleday. 354 pp. $4.95), condenses the original eight-volume journal kept by Charles Greville while he was clerk to the privy council of George IV, William IV, and Victoria. Robert Halsband, a veteran SR critic, is especially interested in English social history.*

By ROBERT HALSBAND

ROYALTY, no matter how stodgy or boring, always have an aura of glamour. Ordinary people they may be, but they are in the extraordinary situation of sitting at the top of the social pyramid by virtue of nothing except an accident of birth. Certainly no one now believes that they rule by divine right, particularly since they no longer rule; yet there they were (and are), a subject that remains of interest to most readers. One of the main enticements to reading Charles Greville's "Memoirs" is his depiction of the English monarchs. There is besides a great deal about English and European politics and notables.

From the eight volumes of the complete memoirs Mr. Kronenberger has neatly extracted an anthology of gossipy history and historical gossip. As he points out in his excellent introduction, Greville was himself placed at the best vantage points to observe the social and political scene; and he conscientiously set down what he saw, heard, and thought. He believed in a journal "without the slightest reference to publication, but without any fear of it"—which is a good enough formula for any chronicler.

Greville gossips like a discriminating gentleman and not a keyhole snoop. He first observes, briefly, the flamboyant and grotesque George IV, and then the gauche William IV; but it is Victoria who engrosses most of the space devoted to royalty. Hers is a dramatic story: she came to the throne young and inexperienced, but soon asserted her stubborn pride. The account of her conflict with her mother is the stuff of drama. The perspicacious Greville also reported the Queen's marriage to her handsome cousin, and noted that after their wedding night they went out walking early in the morning: "This was not the way to provide us with a Prince of Wales." He also noticed, later on, that although the Queen could endure that husbands in the military service and wives in Court attendance should be separated from their spouses for long periods, she complained of her consort's four-day mission abroad. ("This prolonged absence is very trying to the Queen.") No blind idolator, Greville comments that rulers, in spite of a strong sense of duty, are apt to be personally selfish and unreasonable.

Apart from royalty, Geville dealt with statesmen, politicians—and with writers, if they moved in the same exalted circles. He was frequently astounded by the brilliant and encyclopedic discourse of Macaulay, of whom somebody remarked that "his memory has swamped his mind." Sydney Smith, famous for his witty conversation and letters, and Samuel Rogers, whose pretensions were infinitely greater than his poetry—men like these, habitués of the Holland House salon, were among those "most distinguished in politics, literature, or social eminence" who found a place in these memoirs. And as each one died, Greville composed an elaborate obituary where he could balance their virtues against their defects.

The drama of history itself also won his attention; and his period was richly turbulent. In England there were the Catholic Emancipation and the Reform Bill of 1832; on the Continent, the 1848 upheavals, the fall of Louis-Philippe, the rise of Napoleon III. (In his selection Mr. Kronenberger wisely omits the smaller political issues.) If Greville is not as impartial as a disinterested historian, he at least separates his bias from his facts, and he writes with the fervor of engagement.

SUCH memoirs as these have ample precedent. In France the Duc de Saint-Simon had unrolled the pageantry and pettiness of Louis XIV's court, and the Duc de Luynes of Louis XV's. In England Lord Hervey, a character fixed in the venomous amber of Pope's satires, had written his brilliant memoirs of the court of George II; and Horace Walpole in letters as well as memoirs had told on a grand scale what went on in the courts, parliaments, and great houses during the reigns of the second and third Georges.

All these were in print when Charles Greville wrote his memoirs. But it is perhaps not fair to compare them; each *is sui generis.*

Ghosts from a Gothic Past

"The Queens and the Hive," by Edith Sitwell *(Atlantic-Little, Brown. 542 pp. $7.50), takes a subjective view of England's first Elizabeth from the time of her accession. Charles M. Gray is a member of the faculty of the University of Chicago.*

By CHARLES M. GRAY

A SEQUEL to her "Fanfare for Elizabeth," Dame Edith Sitwell's new book takes up the life of the Tudor queen at about the time of her accession. The title is justified not only by the constitutional structure of beehives, but by a convincing physical image of Elizabeth as bee. ("We see a thin-waisted gold body, like that of the Bee-Priestesses, with a high ruff and sleeves like the thin wings of these: we see a gown that seems descended from the Minoan or Cretan civilizations.")

This is not a book to be combed academically for disputable facts and interpretations. The question to ask is whether it embodies an interesting or significantly moving personal vision. It is not quite enough that it should offer an agreeable and artfully conducted perambulation through Queen Elizabeth's reign; it undeniably does that, but it fails to fulfill the further expectations one might have of a distinguished writer.

The fate of history is precarious when it slips from the clutches of Dryasdust. Too often, when it enters what ought to be a more favorable habitat, it succeeds only in provoking stock responses. Among the temptations for writers in a position to deal with history freely and imaginatively, none is more respectably insinuating than the snare of Gothicism. Into that

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Dame Edith has conspicuously fallen. As a matter of the hardest fact, sixteenth-century history furnishes horrors enough. Out of them, and out of a sensitivity to ghostly presences which duller nerves might fail to notice, the author has spun a thread that weaves its spectral way through her book.

It is too bad she has not quite had the courage of her Gothic vision. To see history in a wholeheartedly Gothic mode is not the easiest of exercises in the twentieth century. It could hardly succeed except by outdoing the excess intrinsic to the manner, and then opposing that excess with a fierce undertow of irony. The protective coloration of the novel would perhaps be necessary to such an attempt. Real history insists on its manysidedness. And Dame Edith is too reasonable a lady to emerge from her wide reading in Elizabethan history with only the memory of nightmare and the need to tell the horror. But, unfortunately for its impressiveness, her volume is merely punctuated with shudders; and when shudders occur only at the right moments, they become stock responses.

For the rest, the attitudes conveyed throughout this book are mostly conventional. Queen Elizabeth's political capacity and her splendid style are duly appreciated, the emergence of England as a great nation is patriotically celebrated. But the most pervasive tone is one of detachment. The reader is perhaps too aware of the spectator-author, pointing out the striking things her studies have turned up and responding with propriety.

However, the judgment that she has not made a major contribution to a difficult genre is no reason for not commending the book to general readers. One's expectation of elegant writing is by no means disappointed. Characters are caught in the efficient focus of a practiced eye. Well-turned images enunciate what others could say only in hoarse and labored words. Feminine sympathies are appropriate to the extraordinary historical accident by which the political world of the sixteenth century was turned into the likeness of an apiary, reversing, through more "monstrous regiments" than one, the natural dominion of mind and man over the weaker members.

This book can be read for information and for pleasure. It is not likely, however, to answer the needs of critical non-academic readers. Froude, the great Victorian historian, or Sir John Neale, a writer of exceptional skill and the dean of modern professionals, would do much better. In the end, Dame Edith's book is best suited to literate adolescents.

FICTION

Color Line on the Front Lines

"And Then We Heard the Thunder," by John Oliver Killens *(Knopf. 485 pp. $5.95), reveals the bitterness of Negro soldiers in World War II, fighting, in segregated units, in the name of freedoms they had never shared. John Howard Griffin wrote "Black Like Me."*

By JOHN HOWARD GRIFFIN

IN THIS big, polyphonic, violent novel about Negro soldiers in World War II, John Oliver Killens drags the reader into the fullness of the Negro's desolating experience. The author, formerly a member of the National Labor Relations Board in Washington and now a movie and television writer, served in the Amphibian Forces in the South Pacific. His novel, therefore, has the depth and complexity of lived experience. It calls James Jones to mind, though Killens writes with less technical control and more poetically. But his battle scenes have the same hallucinatory power; his characters live and speak the raw language of the streets and the barracks.

This non-Negro reader who served in the Pacific alongside Negro troops recognizes the events and characters of this novel; but he sees them with a sort of brain-twisting transformation of insights. He never gave much thought, for example, to the hideous irony of asking the Negro to fight (in segregated units) and die in order to preserve the very freedoms which he could not enjoy at home. Few non-Negroes knew the Negro soldier's common motto, the Double V for Victory: victory against Fascism overseas and victory against Fascism at home. Nor did it ruffle us to hear the band play "God Bless America" while we boarded troopships and then switch to "Darktown Strutters' Ball" when the Negro troops' turn came.

But here, living it through the Negro's reaction, we cannot believe our ears. We look up at the white soldiers on deck "waving and smiling innocently and friendly-like at the Negro soldiers below and yelling, 'Yeah, man!' and popping their pinky white fingers," and the same taste of gall creeps up from our stomachs into our mouths. And we hear a companion whisper, "We ain't no soldiers. We ain't nothing but a bunch of goddamn clowns."

The book's hero, Solly Saunders, is an educated Negro, a man of taste, position, and ability who went into the war with illusions about fighting to protect America from her enemies. He was confident he would advance, become a leader, do his part to democratize the army.

But he discovered, in those days before integration of the armed forces, that the Negro in uniform was even

—Wide World.

Negro soldiers man weapons at the front—Killens's "novel has the depth and complexity of lived experience."

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more harrowingly at the mercy of racists than in civilian life, particularly if the racist happened to be an officer. In order to advance he found he had to lick boots, turn against his own, "go white"—something he could not do.

The bitterness was compounded by rigid segregation even in overseas combat zones. Mimicking the attitudes of white officers, the hero explains:

> ". . . just because many of them [Negro soldiers] had left their black blood to smear the pretty white beaches . . . and left their black and brown comrades to fertilize the land of strangers. Just because they were soldiers, tried and trusted nephews of their Uncle Sam, they had the colossal nerve to want to go to all the places where the other soldiers went and to be treated free and equal. They were stinking opportunists. They wanted to be treated in Australia better than they were at home. What arrogance—what treachery—what . . . gall!"

If the Negro's bitterness and disillusion with his slave status in the old army were massive, he at least expected something better when he returned to America after fighting for democracy overseas. The reader, living all the indignities of the Negro soldier, sees clearly how it looked from the other side of the color line. Discrimination in the armed forces has been eliminated. But the deep wounds of Negro soldiers have not. This novel magnificently illumines the reasons why. Their second victory—against Fascism at home—is slow in coming.

Memories in the Supermarket

"The Married Land," by Charles G. Bell *(Houghton Mifflin. 430 pp. $5.95), makes liberal use of flashbacks to deal with a multitude of aspects of American life since World War I. Hoke Norris, Southern novelist and short-story writer, is literary critic of the Chicago Sun-Times.*

By HOKE NORRIS

THIS may be the most exasperating book ever written. It is a novel in which much might have happened, but nothing happens. It comes from the pen of an author, poet, teacher, and physicist who is obviously a man of high and varied talent, and he has written a book of vast potential in its material and in its grasp of life and living. But movement and action are so painfully lacking, and the potential is so vitiated, diluted, enervated, and swallowed up in manner and style that what emerges, in the end, is a complete university course in how not to write a novel.

From the outset, the reader is in trouble. He must have patience and use deduction to get the idea: Daniel Byrne, a Mississippian (like Bell), and his wife, a Pennsylvania Quaker, return to their respective homes to visit sick relatives. They blunder about in their pasts through the medium of documents, talk, reminiscences, and explanation; and then they are reunited. Simple enough (too simple, in fact, to make a novel). But the telling is something else. It's as if Bell had first written his story (background and all) on cards, in chronological order, shuffled the cards and cut them like a gambler, and then copied his novel in this new random order.

Byrne is first seen awakening in the home of his senile, suffering aunt. The reader enters immediately into a bewildering maze of names and references. Somehow Byrne gets to a grocery store, where he finds groceries, memories, and eventually an old girl friend. Much flashback within flashback within flashback, etc. Next we return to Byrne's farm in Maryland, before his flight to the South. He and his wife are preparing for their trips. More flashback within flashback within flashback, etc. On page 59 Byrne finally gets on a plane; in the next paragraph he's back in the grocery store; he's on the plane again on page 68; it finally takes off on page 73, and it comes down to earth, at Memphis, on page 160—after much more flashback within . . . etc. Sometimes I wish that the flashback had never been invented.

With this chaos, and contributing to it, abides the problem of Bell's rich-beautiful prose:

> He [Byrne in the grocery store] clangs a shiny wheeled vehicle from an interclasped array of them and turning back the strapped seat built for baby, starts down the long aisle, looking among fruits from Oregon and lettuce from California, frozen fish from the Banks and lobster tails from Africa, with hundreds of brands of soft drinks boasting genuine artificial color and flavor, and chickens grown under mercury light, whose feet have never touched the ground, fattened with injections and dipped in antibiotics for preservation, and bread white as Kleenex, made of flour thoroughly reduced and reconstituted, with thyamine and wheat germ added, and calcium propionate against spoilage, so that not even a mold can grow on it, much less a digestive enzyme—as he searches for the things on his list, always present, under the image of the spring and the bright externals of the store, below the ordered shelves and the vanished house where he courted a vanished girl, yawns that other ground at which his soul labors.

Just so: Bell has given us enough material, and all of it promising, for a dozen novels and three dozen short stories. "The Married Land" reads like notes for all of them—eccentric relatives; the Quakers; the Southerners; Depression; war; the conscientious objector at home and abroad during the First World War; boyhood and girlhood; love, courtship, and marriage; hate, infidelity, and divorce; Southern farming and Yankee milling; art and the artists' colony; health and life, illness and death; the past in the present and the future. Occasionally, when Bell forgets manner and mannerism and settles down to writing, he demonstrates his undoubted talent for story, for detail, for the sights, sounds, and smells of life, for the past that broods within and about us, for the ties that bind our nation's multitudinous parts together. But here in his first novel he has not written in his own style and method, but with an inchoate blending of Faulkner, Woolf, Wolfe, Joyce, James, and Proust. If Charles Bell can free himself from that multiple bondage he will some day write a great novel.

Charles G. Bell—promising material.

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Jivey Halls of Ivy

"The Asphalt Campus," by Geoffrey Wagner *(Macmillan. 328 pp. $4.95), complains against the emptiness of academic life in technologically oriented modern colleges. Eugene Goodheart, who teaches at the University of Chicago, is author of a spring publication, "The Utopian Vision of D. H. Lawrence."*

By EUGENE GOODHEART

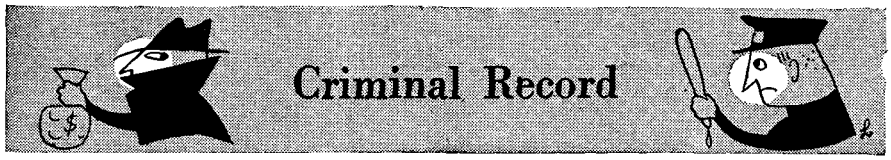
"THE ASPHALT CAMPUS" is ostensibly a satiric tract against the educational pretenses of the technologically-minded municipal colleges, predictably from a humanistic point of view. "Where is the knowledge we have lost in information?" T. S. Eliot has asked, and Geoffrey Wagner makes it clear that it is not to be found in the municipal academy. He gives faculty, students, and administration the full treatment, finding illiteracy, stupidity, and cowardice everywhere.

Such complaints are by now banal, and nothing in the intellectual character of this novel redeems the banality. Yes, we know that Johnny can't read (or write) and the professor can't teach and the president has neither the imagination nor the will to do anything about it. But what does the humanist offer against the squalor and the tedium? One of Wagner's sensitive students has a "realization" in the subway: "It was a life whose total emptiness he had never quite realized until this moment." Earlier he had "refused to accept the assumptions by means of which this madness calling itself reality held together." Another sensitive soul realizes "the desperately second-rate nature of her surroundings." And elsewhere we are told that "any creative individual experienced a complete death of the soul entering an MLA meeting." (One expects a greater hardiness in the "creative individual.")

If the novel were simply highbrow corn, there would be no pleasure in it. Actually, however, Wagner's students are swinging kids, a hundred times smarter than their professors, with a rather extraordinary gift for conversation, and illiterate only in their freshman themes. Wagner, an Englishman, has caught the poetry of the "cool," and he doesn't conceal his pleasure in the catch. His students are "new heroes of the gynecaeum," a new kind of "city voluptuary . . . representative of technological cultures, of 'the doom of youth' and the romance of action," *aficionados* of Sade, "where the crescendo of dashing scenes involving coprophilic abasement for the sweeter sex was largely uninterrupted by 'junk' (philosophizings) . . ." The voice of the novel is energetically rhetorical, grotesquely gay, and angry in the manner of Wyndham Lewis; at times the animation of the language creates a phantasmagoric atmosphere, suggestive of macabre actions by powers behind the scenes and wild, obscene doings of students and teachers.

Wagner's first love is burlesque, and it shows in both plot and episodes. The main action is the sudden, unexplained firing of an English professor at the beginning of the academic year. The reasons for the dismissal are as enigmatic as the character of the professor. The Kafkaesque overtones, the absur consequences that this event has fo the lives of numerous faculty members and students indicate that Wagner may have intended a spoof of the academic novel as well as of the municipal college. The ludicrous faculty meetings, the Superior Posterior contest, the machinations of the school newspaper crowd, the student who makes her living as a stripper, the incredible *dénouement:* at its best "The Asphalt Campus" has the verisimilitude of a brilliant cartoon.

But it takes itself seriously much too often. When its energy relaxes into Existential wisdom or tries to achieve the apotheosis of affirmation ("She was still smiling in this different way, born of some new knowledge of herself, a power to create the world afresh, to live symbolically rather than actually, and so to have each wish fulfilled on earth"), "The Asphalt Campus" betrays its shallowness. None of the characters lives in the memory; nor are we given any intimation of the knowledge that we have lost in information.



CRIME IN OUR TIME. *By Josephine Bell. Abelard-Schuman.* $4.50. This incisive, readable survey is the work of an English physician who, having made a name for herself in the field of the detective novel, looks at hard facts.

HOW TO CATCH 5000 THIEVES. *By Gerard Luisi and Charles Samuels. Macmillan.* $5.95. This action-packed account of Luisi's half-century as an insurance investigator is a regular sizzler (did you know that one out of four jewel "robberies" is faked?).

THE CORRUPT JUDGE. *By Joseph Borkin. Potter.* $6. Over the years fifty-four Federal jurists have been the subjects of Congressional inquiry; here the more flagrant cases are examined in detail. A real hair-curler.

CRIMINAL INTERROGATION AND CONFESSIONS. *By Fred E. Imbau and John E. Reid. Williams & Wilkins Co., Baltimore.* $6.50. Is your suspect telling the truth? Here two crime-detection experts tell you how to question him. This book will scare the daylights out of you, but if you're a prosecutor you'll eat it up.

CONSCIENCE OF THE COURT. *By Edward Sefton Porter. Prentice-Hall.* $3.95. This warm and heartening book recites the experiences of a New York probation officer who never lost the human touch. He has written his recollections in the same spirit.

THE QUALITY OF MURDER. *Edited by Anthony Boucher. Dutton.* $3.95. These twenty-four all-American chronicles survey the national homicide scene from 1630 to now; all are literate, sophisticated narratives. Even the *Mayflower* carried a killer.

DICKENS AND CRIME. *By Philip Collins. St. Martin's Press.* $7.50. This 17th unit in the Cambridge Studies in Criminology, written by the Warden of Vaughan College, University of Leicester, is a superb study of the supreme crime buff among English men of letters. Dickens's visit to the Eastern Penitentiary in Philadelphia is discussed in vivid detail.

THE ZEBRA-STRIPED HEARSE. *By Ross MacDonald. Knopf.* $3.50. Lew Archer, literate L.A. shamus, is hired to break up youthful romance, but multiple

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deaths by violence pose problems. Crisp, sharp dialogue zooms this one along.

..UN LIKE A THIEF. *By Michael Niall. Mill-Morrow.* $3.50. New York about-to-be father recognizes homiciding bank-heister on TV screen; real rough stuff follows, including hot pursuit through East River tunnel. Jolly good and jolly fast.

WANTONS DIE HARD. *By Leonard Gribble. Roy.* $2.95. "Cleopatra Case" (so called because dead girl is wrapped in rug) baffles Scotland Yard for a while, but they sort it out; one cop has mumps. Run of the mill.

THE CHINA GOVERNESS. *By Margery Allingham. Doubleday.* $4.50. Albert Campion, suave English gentleman-sleuth, explores paternity of impending bridegroom and runs into rough stuff. One for the sun-deck.

BORN VICTIM. *By Hillary Waugh. Crime Club.* $3.50. Fred C. Fellows, nice Connecticut police chief, and capable force explore disappearance of thirteen-year-old girl. Nice study in detection, as expected.

'ATCHET MAN. *By Winfred Van Atta. ,rime Club.* $3.50. Murders erupt when auditors move in on huge Midwest industrial plant; many Hertz cars hired. A humdinger, with terrific pace.

CREAM OF THE CRIME. *Edited by Hugh Pentecost. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $3.95. Fifteenth Mystery Writers of America anthology contains twenty-one tales, all by name authors, English and American. Usual choice selection.

NIGHT OF SHADOWS. *By Frances and Richard Lockridge. Lippincott.* $3.50. Electronics engineer lunchdates gal friend who fails to show; he appeals to New York cops with astounding (and resounding) results. Dame-in-distress performance.

OBSESSION. *By Lionel White. Dutton.* $2.95. New York ex-executive tangles with Connecticut baby-sitter who is some baby herself; they go on tour which ends in Nevada with heavy death toll. Hero sure leads life of noisy desperation.

'REATH FOR A REDHEAD. *By Peter hambers. Abelard-Schuman.* $2.95. Mark Preston, California peeper, accepts blackmail chore, but deaths intervene—and then the fun begins. Holds up nicely. —SERGEANT CUFF.

MINORITY IDENTITY

The Past Was Poetry

"The Natural and the Supernatural Jew: An Historical and Theological Introduction," by Arthur A. Cohen *(Pantheon. 326 pp. $6), interprets Judaism in Existential terms. Walter Teller's latest book, to be published in February, is "Area Code 215," a collection of reflective essays.*

By WALTER TELLER

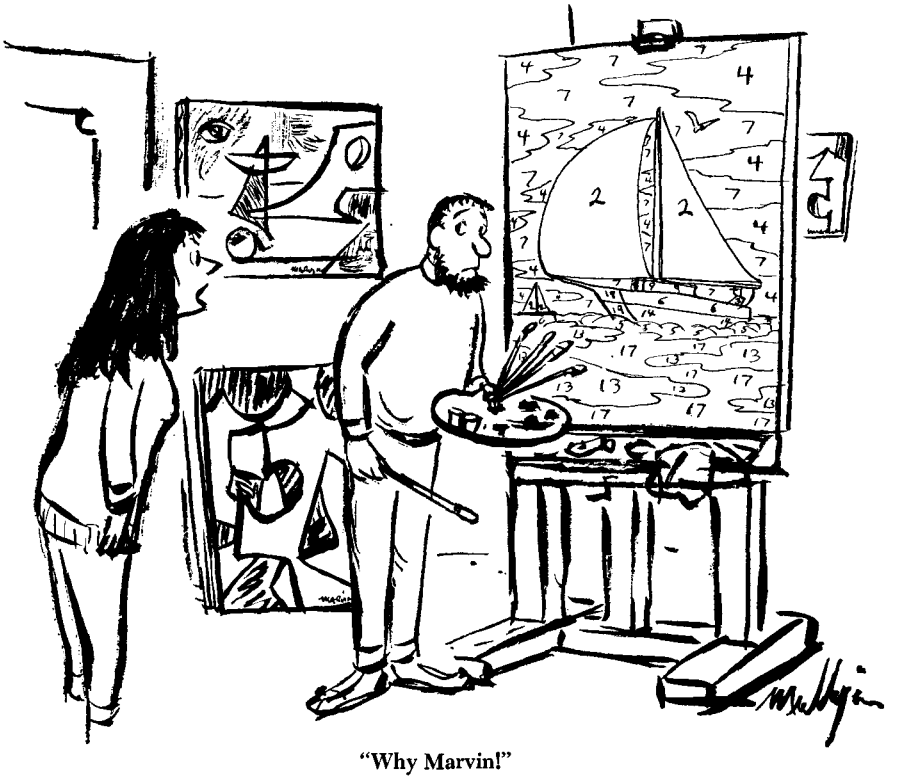
HAND in hand go industrial civilization and fragmentation of individual function. Not many men remain whole. Nevertheless, the responsible, independent person still tries to find his own way to decisions: school, *shul,* and line of work. He chooses a doctor, lawyer, mechanic, President. He copes with the new realism, the new criticism, the new frontier, and even the new theology.

The last of these is the subject here. In this book Arthur A. Cohen informs the reader that he is one of the new theologians. By new he means Existential, Jewish, obviously, and also American. In the opening pages, he says:

> I am afraid less of abnormalizing the Jew than of normalizing him. This is so because my concern is less with Jewish history as such, with the works of the Jewish mind, with the identification of its peculiar cast and accent, its spirit and force, than with a specific phenomenon: the Jewish mind as it has thought and continues to think about its supernatural vocation.

In plain words, it's about the author's attempt to understand his Jewishness. Jesuitic in language, it seems to me to belong to the esoteric tradition rather than the mainstream of Judaism. Arthur A. Cohen sweats and worries about the Jew's duty to God; but Judaism has always preferred right action to talking about it, fulfilling commandments to probing mysteries, practical religion rather than pronouncements.

Judaism basically is a religion without a theology. The Old Testament knows none. There is none in the body of civil and canonical law called the Talmud. You might say there was no Jewish theology until Maimonides, the twelfth-century physician-philosopher who was absorbed in the Greek philosophical tradition, wrote his "Guide of



"Why Marvin!"

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the Perplexed." In his day, Aristotelianism was the fashion among the educated. Maimonides undertook to assure fellow Jews, secularly educated, that Judaism was rational within that framework; indeed, that only via Aristotelian thought could Judaism be truly understood. Later, and influenced by him, St. Thomas Aquinas composed a comparable blend of science and religion, thereby creating a problem for Catholic theologians ever since. Any religion tied to science will constantly need overhauling, for a scientific theory lasts only until it's disproved. About the only thing religion wants to be joined to is poetry. Not until they were filtered by poetic language did some of Maimonides's controversial teachings get into the Jewish prayer book.

No Jewish theologian since has left such a mark. After Maimonides little went on in the Jewish theological department until the Enlightenment. With the coming of the eighteenth century, and greater freedom to mingle in the Christian world, some Jews took to theologizing again, following more or less the deductive methods of Christian theology. "The Natural and the Supernatural Jew" includes a review of Jewish religious thinkers, from the Germans, Moses Mendelssohn and Franz Rosenzweig, through the Americans, Mordecai Kaplan and Will Herberg. All tried to systematize, reform, reconstruct, or simply reawaken. They disputed and wrote, and in the long run altered Judaism very little. Existential Jewish theologians are now enjoying their day. Will they follow in the wake of their predecessors?

Only in so far as a Jew is consciously aware of and works at his "supernatural vocation," his contractual obligation, the covenant with God; only as he tries to transcend nature and history, does he really deserve to be called a Jew, says Arthur A. Cohen. Interestingly enough, Israel's high court recently ruled that to qualify for citizenship under the Law of Return it is enough to be a "natural" Jew, that is, so born and not having denied it. Although that was, of course, a civil ruling, not a theological promulgation, it nevertheless expressed a view more in tune with Jewish traditions.

"The natural and the supernatural Jew" is a specialist's phrase; it anatomizes rather than integrates, separates what ought to be joined. Long ago Micah movingly spoke the word. "He hath showed, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." But, as Arthur A. Cohen remarks, we have no prophets now. Instead, we have theologians.

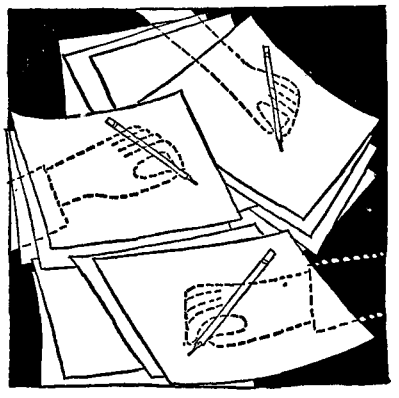
He Wonders as He Wanders

"Memoirs of a Special Case," by Chaim Raphael *(Atlantic-Little, Brown. 207 pp. $4), reflects on the author's life as Oxford don, British Foreign Office official, Hebrew scholar, and writer of whodunits. A product of diverse cultures, Santha Rama Rau is concerned in her own autobiography with the view of the world of persons somehow set apart.*

By SANTHA RAMA RAU

IN THE many and varied changes that have been rung on the autobiographical theme, almost any could begin with the words "I am a special case." If the title of Chaim Raphael's book suggests a rather blatant self-concern—even arrogance—the reader soon realizes the spirit in which it was chosen and the compassionate irony behind the choice. His first quotation is from Albert Camus's "The Fall": "We are all special cases. We all want to appeal against something. Each of us insists at all costs that he is innocent, even if he has to accuse the whole human race and heaven itself."

But Mr. Raphael goes far beyond the acceptance of this human frailty. Recognizing both the absurdity and the truth of Camus's comment—of course, all of us are special cases, and none of us are—he goes a step further. He has managed to produce a book, in an already overcrowded field, that has a distinct and stimulating flavor. "Memoirs of a Special Case" combines modesty and profundity, historical erudition and sharp contemporary characterization, wild humor tempered by sober thought, incident and insight. A remarkable achievement in a book that is brief, charming, casual, and easy to read—in fact, hard to stop reading.



Perhaps part of his success in his unusual and individual formula for autobiography is the fact that Mr. Raphael is, more than most people, "a special case." An Oxford don, a British Foreign Office official, a Hebrew scholar, and, under the pseudonym Jocelyn Davey, a writer of rather wacky detective stories, he is most of all a man with a very diverting mind. He is deeply an English Englishman whose work, curiosity, and luck have taken him to many parts of Europe and America, where his discerning intellect has turned him into a cosmopolite with a difference. For in all his wandering he remains a Jew—not a wandering Jew, simply a knowing Jew. "The Jews," he writes, "may have inherited a culture of their own, but it seems to show up best in the background of somebody else's." This gives him both a vast allegiance and a special concern in his dealings with humanity.

No question, the Jews are a world of their own, but so intricately meshed with all other aspects of life, thought, philosophy, religion that it seems idiotic to consider them a problem apart rather than part of the human predicament. All of us have our particular individuality and upbringing, our nationality, faith, and aims. All of us are, with the ups and downs, the excitements, sorrows, and pleasures, members of the human race.

Telling us, in passing, about his own background, Mr. Raphael recounts a series of encounters with specific people, some known, some obscure (he is not a name-dropper), and the events and surroundings that made such encounters memorable. Interspersed are sharp little comments and a gracious view of the world. In reply to the American writer who told him that Jews were her best friends, "the sparkle in the champagne, the gherkin that comes with the pastrami sandwich," that life would be dull for her without Jews, Mr. Raphael, the Jew, thinks, "What indeed would I do without *goyim*? Mustn't the Jews get a bit bored in Israel? Granted that we're all such fun, can't one have too much of a good thing? As for champagne, what's the use of being a bub-

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ble without something to bubble in?" And then more seriously, "But this would mean that a Jew is 'different.' O.K. So be it. *Vive la différence.* . . . Perhaps it is not always such fun to be a Jew: but to be the same as everybody else? . . . How *gray.*"

Life for Mr. Raphael is not gray, and he proves it to us by his many stories and anecdotes and analyses. He introduces us to people as disparate as his friend the crusty misanthrope, Jonah, who wanted only to get even with God, who lived for defiance of God's (or man's) rules, who died in hatred and disbelief, who said, bitterly, of the Jew Spinoza, "Do you think he has freed himself? He's still afraid of God . . . how can he pretend there is no such thing as absolute evil? There *is,* the world is full of it . . . ." or his cynical and successful friend Vic, who calmly yet flamboyantly lived up to the picture of the ruthless businessman and without comment or excuse bought a fabulous collection of Donne manuscripts to present to the British Museum.

He leads us through an extraordinary period in Jerusalem under the British Mandate. With him we probe scholarly, farcical, and dangerous areas in pursuit of the Dead Sea Scrolls. We visit Spain, seared with memories of the Inquisition, yet enlivened by incidents approaching burlesque such as the well-intentioned efforts of the Republican government to honor the delegates to a Jewish conference with a banquet of the finest delicacies of the region—all shellfish, all inedible to the embarrassed orthodox Jews.

Events, times, places, strangers, friends appear briefly or in detail in Mr. Raphael's memoirs. Familiar with and remembering the great tradition, always by his attitude and grace he indicates without preaching the real solution of the Jewish—or indeed the human—problem. It is a matter of the dignity, honor, joy, and sadness of being the human being that you are. If you can express this feeling with intimations of all its contradictory ramifications, you are an autobiographer of a rare and valuable quality.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. BalAAm. 2. BoBBy. 3. BaCChus. 4. SaDDucee. 5. FlEEt. 6. saFFron. 7. HaGGard. 8. beacHHead. 9. radII. 10. HaJJi. 11. SiKKim. 12. saLLy. 13. RoMMel. 14. TeNNyson. 15. ChinOOk. 16. XanthiPPe. 17. TyRRhenian. 18. hiSS. 19. SuTTer. 20. vacUUm. 21. saVVy. 22. poWWow. 23. mueZZin.

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Debate in the Diaspora

"The Dilemma of the Modern Jew," by Joachim Prinz *(Little, Brown. 218 pp. $4.50), probes contemporary problems in the light of Jewish history of the past two centuries. Marshall Sklare, director of the Division of Scientific Research of the American Jewish Committee, edited "The Jews: Social Patterns of an American Group."*

By MARSHALL SKLARE

RABBI JOACHIM PRINZ has been an influential Jewish leader for the past three decades. He first came to public notice in the Germany of the 1930s, where his firm grasp of the realities of the time and his refusal to dismiss Nazism as only a bad dream gave him a unique appeal. After leaving Germany as a refugee, he took a leading role in U. S. Jewish life, and is currently president of the American Jewish Congress.

In "The Dilemma of the Modern Jew" Rabbi Prinz traces with bold strokes and striking language some of the main developments in Jewish life since the days of the French Revolution. During the course of that upheaval the Jews of France were emancipated, becoming the first of their people in Western Europe to be accorded full-fledged citizenship. Rabbi Prinz emphasizes that this development was not due to a thorough revision in public attitudes toward Jews, but was rather a logical result of the destruction of the *ancien régime*. The modern state could no longer tolerate the anachronistic position of the Jews who resided within its borders.

Coming February 16

In its next Education Issue, *SR* will present a seven-page feature on "The Revolution in Language Teaching." The main narrative will be written by Fred Hechinger, Education Editor of the New York *Times*. There will also be three supplementary articles: "The Role of the National Defense Education Act," "Language Laboratories and How They Operate," and "The Army's Language School."

Tracing the somewhat different history of Eastern European Jewry, Rabbi Prinz demonstrates how groups of both West and East European Jews came to work for "self-emancipation" by founding the Zionist movement, which ultimately led to the establishment of the State of Israel.

The last part of the book is devoted to the American Jewish community. Rabbi Prinz contrasts the situation of the Jews in Western Europe, where he was reared, with that in America, which he has come to perceive with great clarity:

> . . . there was never a Declaration of Emancipation for the Jews of America. They are not citizens now because of any special right or decree. . . . There is no memory of an American Middle Ages when Jews were herded into ghettoes . . . from which they had to be "liberated" by the social and political upheavals of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

But he also sees the dilemma inherent in the American-Jewish situation: "Strange and paradoxical as it may seem, our problem is: 'Can we survive *in spite* of freedom and democracy?' "

For all its merits, "The Dilemma of the Modern Jew" constitutes an introduction to the subject rather than a definitive assessment or a projection of solutions. Thus, while Rabbi Prinz pleads eloquently for a creative Jewish culture in America, he does not stop to consider what kind of educational system is necessary to produce such creativity. Would it involve, for example, the enrollment of Jewish children of primary- and secondary-school age in Jewish parochial schools? If so, what dilemmas would result for the individual Jewish child, for the Jewish community, for the community as a whole?

RABBI Prinz's optimism about American-Jewish life is traceable to his faith in what he believes to be the salutary effect of the State of Israel on American Jewry:

> Israel as it is today . . . can supply those wellsprings of a new Jewish experience. I doubt that anything else can. . . . I am not suggesting that we can and must transplant American-Jewish youth to Israel. . . . I am speaking here about the attempt to establish a personal, physical contact with Israel for those who will return to America as more fervent Jews, regenerated and enriched for themselves, for the Jewish community and for their American life as well.

But is this realistic? The data to test Rabbi Prinz's hypothesis is readily available: many hundreds if not thousands of American-Jewish young people have already sojourned in Israel. Casual observation suggests that most of them have not been affected in the way Rabbi Prinz suggests.

Perhaps the book's shortcomings reside in the fact that Jewish problems in the 1960s, relating as they do to questions of identity and creativity, are more complicated than those of the 1930s, which revolved around the crucial but nonetheless unambiguous issue of physical survival.

Doubtless Rabbi Prinz's difficulties in clarifying solutions to present-day dilemmas are also compounded by his professional background. While he is a past master of the sermon and the public address, there is an enormous gap between such oral exercises and systematic analyses of complex religious and sociological problems. It is to Rabbi Prinz's credit that he makes an attempt to bridge the gap; but it is nevertheless true that what may constitute a satisfying meal in one setting may turn out to be only an *hors d'oeuvre* in another.

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1016

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1015 will be found in the next issue.

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NETYSVH MVAWXNV QTX

AWD'K NEWDP KOV

RBWDHGTKOVB.

RVTBRYW "NKWB."

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1015

A man will sometimes devote his life to the development of one part of his body—the wishbone.

—ROBERT FROST.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Nilsson in "Ballo," Gerhard Symphony, Kirchner

WITH Birgit Nilsson singing her first Amelias at the Metropolitan, the better of the two operas Verdi combined under the title of "Un Ballo in Maschera" is now closer to its best self than at any time since the present production was introduced a year ago. "Ballo" II is the one that begins midway in Act II, when Amelia, striving desperately to act the faithful wife, finds herself scorned for infidelity, and Verdi's sympathy for humans in distress leaps from the pages.

To this pass of events Miss Nilsson brings the intelligence that makes her a fine Isolde and the vocal resource that makes her a great Turandot. But as she does not sing Puccini as she sings Wagner, neither does she sing Verdi as she sings either of the others. Hers is not by nature the limpid, soaring sound native to his needs, and she has a problem to surmount in moderating its volume, amending its timbre to the style and to the scoring.

But, being an artistic singer as well as an intelligent and resourceful one, Miss Nilsson finds her way to an adjustment within a relatively short time, say, by the middle of her duet with Riccardo. Thereafter, and especially in the trio with Riccardo and Renato, and in the scene of Renato's discomfiture at her supposed duplicity (the laughter of the scornful conspirators makes them blood-brothers to the courtiers in "Rigoletto"), Miss Nilsson sustains just the attitude and accent of injured innocence to make Amelia, as she should be, the key figure in the life-and-death drama involving the king and his best friend, her husband. Furthermore, by simple care in arranging her costume and veil, she gives some credibility to the pretense that her husband is unaware of her identity until she reveals herself. This is much to accomplish in an operatic role and she is to be thanked for showing that it can be done.

Her closest partner in credibility as well as vocal excellence was Robert Merrill, long a fine-sounding Renato and now a believable one in action as well. The current state of Richard Tucker's Riccardo was observed on an earlier occasion this season, and might be summarized as a combination of the sublime (to the ear) and the ridiculous (to the eye). Nello Santi was again the conductor, with a more even vocal disposition when the Ulrica was Lilli Chookasian rather than Jean Madeira.

Thanks to the initiative of Leonard Bernstein, the name of Roberto Gerhard, long honored abroad as an absorbing offshoot of the compositional influence of Arnold Schoenberg, has at length been entered in the records of the Philharmonic's repertory. As befits a composer who was born in Spain, musically educated there, in Vienna, and in Berlin (where he was affiliated with Schoenberg), and eventually became an English resident by choice, Gerhard wears the varsity letter of no compositional school. His preference to wait until he was nearly sixty (in 1953) to write the Symphony No. 1 that was performed on this occasion suggests a man determined to assimilate his background before venturing to re-express it in so major a form.

As the excellent performance powerfully demonstrated, assimilate it he has. Healthily enough, Gerhard (the English pronounce it "Gerard") scoffs at the notion that a composer's method should be of any interest to an audience, and also at some of the dogma attached to the particular one that interests him. He goes about the business of making musical sense in the best way he has learned, which, to my way of listening, is a very good way indeed.

Gerhard puts his row on exhibit in the first measures of the introduction. Thereafter it is the listener's privilege to ignore it, which Gerhard facilitates by working with any and all compositional materials which strike him as germane. This includes a richer range of instrumental effects than many who go the twelve-tone way profess, and the total interest is enhanced thereby.

Not that this is in any respect a pretty score, or one that is easily comprehended. But the first movement has propulsion, a tight, coherent progression from point to point. To say that it is also cohesive would overstate the impressions of a single hearing, but it does have momentum, contrast, variety, and other things that are good for musical meaning. The slow movement deals in mood values that relieve the pressure built in the allegro (as symphonic sequence approves) and also promotes response to the finale of the three-part structure.

The subsequent appearance of Zino Francescatti did not bring with it Gerhard's violin concerto, which is rated one of his best works, but rather the Sibelius D minor. As is his custom, he played it beautifully. The evening began with a spirited performance of Rossini's "Scala di Sieta" overture and ended with Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel."

Rarely has an audience been asked to accept so radical a change from one season to another as the Boston Symphony's subscribers. Whereas the bygone Charles Munch dealt with much passion and less preparation, the current Erich Leinsdorf tends much to preparation and less to passion. In the recent sequence of performances in Philharmonic Hall, there was an almost aching void of excitement, whether the composer was Beethoven or Bruckner, Mozart or Mendelssohn.

There was also a work new to the Orchestra's annals, a piano concerto for which the composer, Leon Kirchner, was his own soloist. Those who have acquired some esteem in the last decade for Kirchner's work will have to cancel out this addition to their information. It dates to 1953 and is as dull as it is pretentious. For the most part it belies its name in being less a concerted work than one in which the piano and orchestra perform alternately to no common purpose.

AT THE other concert, Leinsdorf introduced the French-Italian pianist Gabriel Tacchino in the C minor (K.491) Concerto of Mozart. He is a credit to either side of the frontier where facility and pianistic assurance are concerned, but there was little evidence of warm feeling for, or even intellectual comprehension of, the composer's idiom. It was neat, rhythmically precise, and blandly innocent of insight. Together the soloist and conductor achieved the almost impossible feat of dehumanizing this music, of rendering null the charm of the C major intrusion in the final movement.

There were, otherwise, meticulously prepared and almost flavorless performances of Beethoven's "Leonore No. 3" overture and the Bruckner No. 9 (with the Kirchner) and Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture and the Shostakovitch No. 10 (with the Mozart). It is understandable that the Boston Orchestra needs a period of discipline after the relative laxness under Munch, but in the present procedure, Leinsdorf is admonishing the audience as well as the orchestra.

Most times a European orchestra making a first appearance in Carnegie Hall is sufficient lure for attendance, but more than a few were attracted to the debut of the Northwest German Radio Orchestra (Hamburg) by the guest trumpeter, Adolf Scherbaum, rather than the program directed by Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt. He is a specialist in the high-lying range of Bach's

(*Continued on page* 74)

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A SALUTE TO DARIUS MILHAUD ON HIS 70TH BIRTHDAY
Milhaud: Les Choéphores
Text By Paul Claudel
Vera Zorina
Irene Jordan
Leonard Bernstein—New York Philharmonic
Schola Cantorum of New York, Hugh Ross, director
Virginia Babikian, soprano

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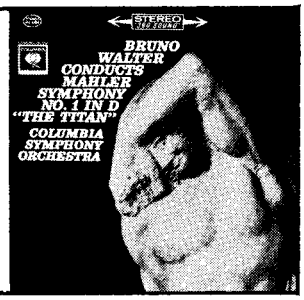
The incomparable E. Power Biggs adds brilliance to contemporary organ showpieces. Poulenc: Organ Concerto in G Minor — Eugene Ormandy, Conductor; The Philadelphia Orchestra; Barber: Toccata Festiva; Strauss: Festival Prelude for Organ and Orchestra (Premiere) — Leonard Bernstein, Conductor; New York Philharmonic; E. Power Biggs, Organist

The late Dr. Walter's definitive reading of the monumental first symphony of his life long friend, Gustav Mahler. Mahler: Symphony No. 1 in D Major ("The Titan") — Bruno Walter, Conductor; Columbia Symphony Orchestra



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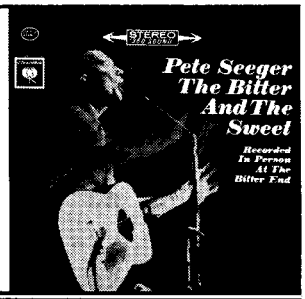

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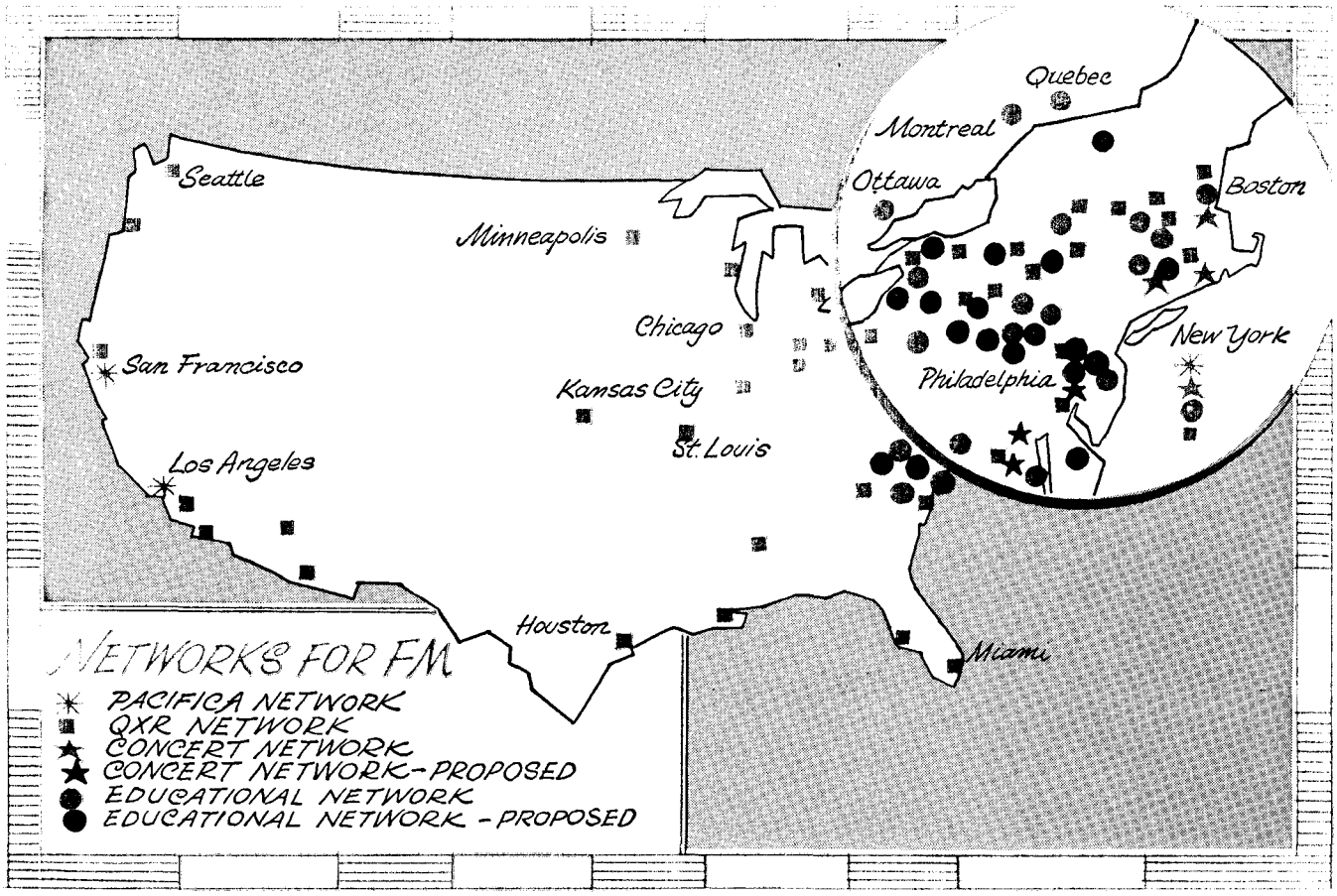

NETWORKS FOR FM

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By MARTIN WILLIAMS

SYMPTOMS of the decline of big-time network radio have come frequently in the past few years. The recent realization that by now all radio soap operas have finally been dropped—that Ma Perkins has finally shut down the lumber yard and that there would be no more romances for Helen Trent—was a cue for sage nostalgia, not only in trade papers like *Variety*, but on entertainment pages throughout the country. All that is left of network radio that matters, it is said, is a brief network news segment here, and a weekend catch-all "service" show (such as "Monitor") there. Special isolated exceptions include the 115 stations affiliated to present the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts for twenty Saturday afternoons each winter. Of these more than fifty are FM outlets as well. The rest are mostly disc jockeys, most of them force-feeding the "top 40" to an audience of teen-agers. Of course, a few accounts added, there *is* FM, which is doing very well.

FM is doing very well indeed. As a matter of fact, FM is doing well with several kinds of network radio, and the spread of FM stereo multiplex broadcasting can only encourage it. On the whole, FM is also doing well by good music and its performers.

New York City is hardly champion in support of FM broadcasting; the San Francisco Bay area has long held that title. But New York's experience is more typical of the striking recent development of the medium. Four years ago, for example, the top floor of a midtown hotel housed two small FM stations. Their situation was anything but cosmopolitan. Their studios (such as they were) lay beyond the reach of elevator service, accessible only by climbing several flights encased in a narrow steel stairwell. They were in tiny rooms, off in opposite corners hemmed in by structural beams and electrical and ventilating apparatus. One was WNCN, the last link in a

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budding network. And across the cluttered attic was the independent WBAI, so cramped that its tape recorders were set up in a washroom. Today, each station is neatly installed in its own modest midtown building, and each, in its different way, is evidence of the growth of network FM.

WNCN is part of the largely musical Concert Network originating with stations in Boston (WBCN), Providence (WXCN), and Hartford (WHCN). Like several other regional FM networks, the New England branch of Concert works by the old-style "air relay," from station to station, with all broadcasting reaching the three areas. But the New York outlet, WNCN, has worked independently, doing its own programming but with occasional shows coming from Boston on tape, with a week's delay. Of late, WNCN has been originating several evening interview and public affairs shows which may in turn be transmitted to New England, again via tape.

Concert Network plans to extend its operations down the Eastern Seaboard to Washington, D.C., linking a minimum of three additional stations to its chain. That will mean an Eastern FM network on which it is possible to hear not only the standard classical repertory but rare medieval and baroque works. Concert's relay plus tape activities might stand as typical of the amazing growth of dozens of "local" networks in all sections of the United States.

ONE of the very few all-direct-relay FM networks in the East emanates from the *New York Time*'s WQXR. In its current inter-state, sixteen-station opulence, the eastern QXR Network is only a little more than a year old, although the New York State leg is older. The New England branch now reaches as far as Boston (WXHR), and the Mid-Atlantic goes to Washington (WASH). But the East is only the beginning for WQXR, for the network now has—via tape—a string of Western affiliates in Seattle, Portland, Los Angeles, San Diego, and Phoenix. And a Midwestern chain has recently developed, centered around Minneapolis and Milwaukee. The thriving QXR network now services forty-two stations via its associate, the Fidelisound Corporation.

Local subscriber stations of the chain maintain about a 30 per cent autonomy in programming. Otherwise, they broadcast WQXR's fare of standard repertory classics, plus an ever-increasing quantity of "light concert" and "dinner" music. The *New York Times* news service, several personalities (Jacques Fray, Duncan MacDonald), live music features like the Boston Symphony's concerts, the WQXR String Quartet, etc. Not to mention, for the parent station, at least, just about all the commercials the FCC will allow.

No longer independent, WBAI became part of a continent-bridging network when it was bought by the Pacifica Foundation's three-station "subscription radio" operation. There are no commercials on this West Coast-owned chain, now consisting of the parent station, KPFA in Berkeley, plus KPFK in Los Angeles, and WBAI. All support comes from listener donations, beginning with the basic subscription of $12 a year. Money comes in, although not as heavily as it should, and New Yorkers are apparently much more reluctant to subscribe than Bay Area patrons of KPFA. One WBAI listener confided recently, "I have several friends who should subscribe because they listen all the time, but twenty-three cents a week is their excuse. I'll keep after them. People are funny about money."

The basic fare of each station comes from an exchange of taped shows among the three of them, and it is of a different character from the primarily musical programming of the WQXR and Concert Networks. Each Pacifica station maintains an autonomous staff and complete music library on LP. The exchange operation involves programs—some individual offerings and some in series—produced by any one of the three Pacifica stations but eventually played, via tape, on all three. Emanating from WBAI, New York, for examples, are Gunther Schuller's critical-historical programs on contemporary music; singer Theodore Bikel "At Home"; a revived "Town Meeting of the Air" from AM network days; Gideon Bachmann's pointed interviews with film directors, actors, and producers; mystery writer Anthony Boucher's comments on opera's past "Golden Voices." And from KPFA comes, for example, Philip Elwood's "Jazz Archives." Allen Ginsberg, Arnold Toynbee, and Ingrid Bergman are all liable to be found back-to-back on the Pacifica stations. And on Pacifica, one is much more apt to hear a Bach violin partita or a Leadbelly blues than a familiar Tchaikovsky symphony.

So far, Pacifica's coup has been its report on the "rioting" attending the 1960 San Francisco meetings of the House Un-American Activities Committee, a tape many times repeated by request on each outlet station. And the network received national publicity when it began readings on the air of the text of the John Birch Society's "Blue Book." The readings were to be followed by a commentary, but before any commentary had been made, there were anonymous telephone callers who threatened to toss bomb into the studios. One bomb, in fact, materialized: during one of the readings, as KPFK's tape recorders were rolling and taking things down for broadcast a few days later, one participant, a southern California minister, received a telephone call that his home had been bombed—that the explosion had gone off very near the nursery. Luckily, no one was hurt, but Pacifica's engineers had kept their tape machine going and the whole event was later broadcast by the full network.

THE Pacifica Network is one of the few to take sensible advantage of regularly repeating taped shows: the most popular programs are broadcast in both morning and evening hours. Obviously, tape is important on FM, and is used liberally.

A more recent development is the Educational Network, which began broadcasting a little over a year ago. Like Pacifica, Educational has no commercial sponsorship, but unlike Pacifica it gets its funds from foundations rather than from its listeners. So far, its operations are largely limited to the East, but there are already thirty-four stations participating, from Ottawa, Ontario, to Chapel Hill, North Carolina. Most of these are attached to educational institutions and work autonomously, except for an exchange of taped programs, usually speeches, public addresses, or talks by specialists on public affairs for the arts. However, the core of the Educational Network is a direct relay affiliation of six stations. The parent is WGBH in Boston, which has been broadcasting education programs since 1951. The others are WAMC in Albany, WFCR in Amherst, WRVR in New York City, WHYY in Philadelphia, and WAMU in Washington, D.C. A typical evening on WRVR might offer a five-minute inspirational talk by Harry Emerson Fosdick, a discussion of the day's activities at the U.N., a live concert from the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the news (originating live from WGBH), Father O'Connor's "Jazz Anthology" (O'Connor, when advisor to the Newman Club at Boston University, inevitably came to be known as "the jazz priest"), and a discussion by Princeton Professor Arthur C. McGill on "Christianity in James Joyce's 'Ulysses.'" From 9 o'clock in the mornin until 5:55 in the afternoon, the station presents "Just Music" uninterrupted—perhaps from Bach through We-

(*Continued on page* 73)

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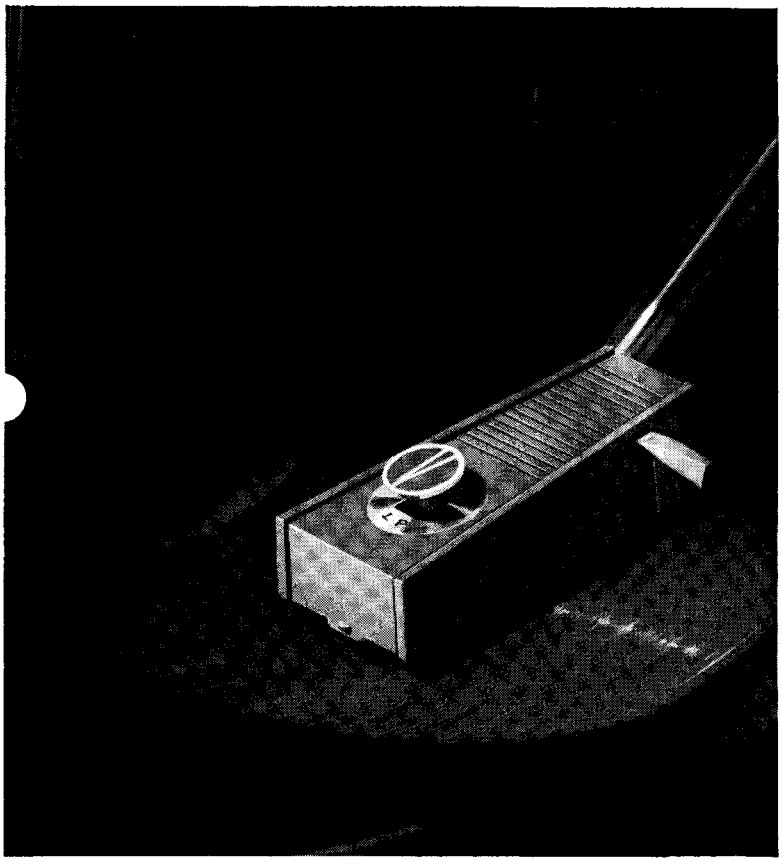

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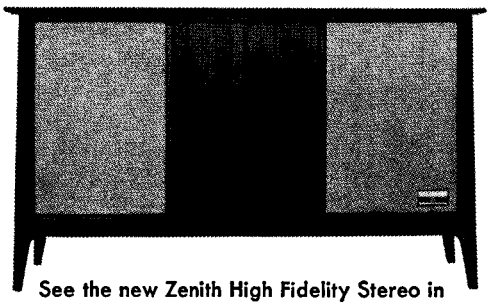

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Singers Six

By WINIFRED CECIL

AS I LOOK at the jackets of the five recordings spread out in front of me—Wagner by Flagstad and Melchior, Mozart and Scarlatti cantatas by Maria Stader, song recitals by Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and the meteoric Grace Bumbry, and, saving the unique until last, Columbia's appropriate celebration of Lotte Lehmann's seventy-fifth birthday by the publication of some of her most famous lieder interpretations—I am reminded of the music section of the Sunday *Times* and the perplexing problem it poses for the musician who is setting about selecting his entertainment. What concerts shall he go to? If he must choose, why? Faced with conflicting offerings of comparable merit on the same night, how does one of lively curiosity and catholic taste decide?

Of the artists before us here, Flagstad and Melchior were supreme in heroic Wagnerian roles; Lehmann not only made certain opera roles peculiarly "hers" but for a considerable public achieved like distinction as a lieder singer; in still other areas of opera but in essentially the same song repertoire, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf is ranked with the most eminent singers of our day; the undeviating Stader vocal line is widely hailed as nearly matchless; large headlines publicize the impressive achievements of Grace Bumbry. In content, we have here an array of lieder, including many of the best-known songs by most of the more prominent lieder composers all the way from Beethoven to Richard Strauss. We also have cantatas by Mozart and Alessandro Scarlatti and, at last reissued from Victor's archives, excerpts from "Tristan" and "Lohengrin" performed by the two leading singers of their day.

In considering this outpouring of song, it would be futile to concern ourselves with aspects as subjective as vocal quality or technique. Indeed, with reputations as securely established as those of the artists here, some of whom represent the loftiest artistic achievement, such comment could add nothing to what is already known. Moreover, some of these recordings were made over such a long period, during which recording processes and ideas changed so radically, that there is no reliable basis for comparing sounds as such. We know, for example, that today's electronics can transform a relatively small original sound to a mighty blast, and we are only too aware of opportunities for falsification in today's dubbing practices. We may, however, b grateful for one revealing quality, with which the engineers have not yet succeeded in tampering—a *constant*, I hope —and that is the essential musical, or "spiritual," communication, the individual and entirely distinctive excitement which each singer conveys, the expression of self. Here the opportunities for our exploration are startling.

The very sight of the Flagstad-Melchior Wagner jacket was exciting. Although the Love Duet from "Tristan" was made in a confined space (San Francisco) with little sense of the area, distance, or perspective to which more current recordings have accustomed us (the orchestra sounds as if the listener were sitting in its midst), the performance is thrilling. I was carried away. I was there, in the front row. Thinking that my impression was, perhaps, influenced more by memory than by what I was actually hearing, I played other "Tristan" excerpts but, while each one had its merits, none rang with the conviction, the tension, the feeling of lightning in the atmosphere, of the inspired Flagstad - Melchior combination. The second side (the Bridal Chamber scene from "Lohengrin") has less orchestral noise and, all in all, is a better-balanced recording. Here we have a quite different kind of excitement, but the lift to the pulse is here, too, something beyond singing, rather the kind of singing so imbued with magic that it sweeps us along with it. Kirsten Flagstad was a truly great singer. To have heard her and to have known her I regard as rare privileges of my life. I can think of no finer tribute than the lasting memory of the glory of song which her singing revealed. It is our good fortune that she left us such a rich bequest.

Happily, Columbia, too, seems to be in the mood to share its treasures. Its publication of the collection of lieder by Lotte Lehmann as a souvenir of the diva's seventy-fifth birthday is a memorable service. These recordings are not new; some have been issued before but some of them, made twenty years ago, are presented publicly for the first time. This, of course was pre-tape, so we can hear how Madame Lehmann really sounded, warmly human, incredibly alive—in spite of the recording inadequacies of those days—and, like Lehmann herself and the Lehmann legend, entirely fascinating and exciting.

If you are looking for perfection, wit every note issuing precisely, you ma find flaws here and there, but, to me, the recording is singularly and movingly real. In fact, I prefer such faults as there may be here to the sleek, hard-

HISTORIC RECORDINGS OF TWO IMMORTAL PERFORMANCES—WAGNER: "Tristan and Isolde," Love Duet; "Lohengrin," Bridal Chamber Scene. Kirsten Flagstad, soprano, and Lauritz Melchior, tenor. Victor LM-2618. $4.98.

A TRIBUTE TO LOTTE LEHMANN IN HONOR OF HER 75TH BIRTHDAY—BEETHOVEN: "In questa tomba oscura," "Der Kuss"; BRAHMS: "Ständchen," "Wiegenlied"; MENDELSSOHN: "Venetianisches Gondellied"; SCHUBERT: "Die junge Nonne," "Der Doppelgänger"; SCHUMANN: "Aufträge," "Der Nussbaum"; STRAUSS: "Ständchen," "Morgen," "Zueignung"; WAGNER: "Schmerzen," "Träume"; WOLF: "Zur Ruh', zur Ruh'." Lotte Lehmann, soprano, Paul Ulanowsky, pianist. Columbia ML-5778, $4.98.

GOETHE LIEDER OF HUGO WOLF—WOLF: Five Songs from "Wilhelm Meister," "Ganymed," "Anakreons Grab," "Die Spröde," "Die Bekehrte," "Blumengruss," "Gleich und Gleich," "Frühling übers Jahr," "St. Nepomuks Vorabend," "Epiphanias." Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano, Gerald Moore, pianist. Angel S-35909, $5.98.

GRACE BUMBRY—SONGS—BRAHMS: "Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht," "Wie Melodien zieht es mir," "Sapphische Ode," "Vergebliches Ständchen"; LISZT: "Es muss ein Wunderbares sein"; SCHUBERT: "An die Musik," "Die junge Nonne," "Litanei," "Rastlose Liebe," "Der Doppelgänger"; STRAUSS: "Zueignung," "Die Georgine," "Sehnsucht," "Ständchen"; WOLF: "Gesang Weylas," "Schlafendes Jesuskind," "Anakreons Grab," "Verborgenheit." Grace Bumbry, mezzo-soprano, Erik Werba, pianist. Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft SLPM-138-635 and LPM-18-635, $6.98/$5.98.

MARIA STADER—MOZART: "Exsultate, Jubilate" (K. 165); Et incarnatus est, "Mass in C minor" (K. 427); Laudate Dominum, "Vesperae solennes de confessore" (K. 339). Maria Stader, soprano, Berlin Radio Symphony, RIAS Choir, Ferenc Fricsay, conductor; SCARLATTI: "Su le Sponde del Tebro," *cantata for solo voice, trumpet, strings, and continuo. Maria Stader, soprano,* Munich Bach Orchestra, Karl Richter, conductor. Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft SLPEM-136-291 and LPEM-19-291, $6.98/$5.98.

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surfaced super-excellence which is often offered today. No matter when Madame Lehmann recorded these songs, whether or not she sang them on "good days" or "bad days," or what she may think of them now, they are full, unrestrained, and sincere expressions of feeling, which I like. They communicate wholly. By her artistry with words, I am sure that Madame Lehmann could make even the listener who is unfamiliar with German understand her nice inflections. It is no criticism of her artistry that, almost to the exclusion of the music, I found myself listening to the way she spoke (sang) the text. How she caresses the words, lingers lovingly over syllables, smooths them, enticing meanings which for most singers remain obscure and cold! A noble service to a fine art.

Filled thus with admiration, I cannot help wondering why such a womanly woman essays songs like Schubert's "Der Doppelgänger" and Beethoven's "In questa tomba," songs which are certainly enhanced by – and in my opinion require–a dark, intensely masculine sound. Notwithstanding the success that a few women have had with "men's songs," I feel that there are restrictions which a true artist must observe, and implicit rules which lead to defeat if transgressed. No matter how universal the talent, I doubt if it can transcend sex. We know very well that if a man programmed "Die junge Nonne" or "Gretchen am Spinnrade," he'd be laughed off the stage. But you will find the feminine Lehmann utterly delightful.

In Elisabeth Schwarzkopf's singing of some of Hugo Wolf's Goethe lieder, we hear a quite different approach. Schwarzkopf's is a carefully polished artistry, molded until the sounds become like matched beads. The scenes are like porcelain, peopled with fragile figurines, exactly proportioned, precise, altogether lovely to observe, perfection under glass, but somehow wanting the lively intensity of meaning which I think we should expect from communicative song. I hear all of the notes, and often applaud the performance, but I did not feel. As I listened, I was more conscious of the directing intellect than of free emotion. Somewhere between the printed page and me, the flow of the emotion inherent in the music had been interrupted. Superior musician though Madame Schwarzkopf is, only her performance of Hugo Wolf's "Kennst du das Land?" moved me.

I can agree with the proclamations that Grace Bumbry's voice is one of the most beautiful instruments to be heard today. Her recording transmits sounds as exciting as they have been reported to be, wide-ranging, ample in volume, rich, and well-controlled. The more I listened to her lieder, however, the more I wished that Miss Bumbry had had the courage to wait for greater maturity, greater penetration, before committing herself to be judged, as she will be judged, on what, I trust, is not her best effort. Formidable she may be in opera, even distinguished in a varied song program, but, on the basis of this recording, she is not ready to confine herself to lieder. In only one or two of the songs heard here–most happily in Liszt's "Es muss ein Wunderbares sein" and Hugo Wolf's "Schlafendes Jesuskind"–does she probe beneath the surface. The sound is lovely, but the words, as she sings them, mean too little. Rarely does she accomplish the blending of music and text so aptly suggested in lines from the Liszt song:

> "And joy and grief and bliss and care
> They share with one another."

Brahms's "Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht" is a case in point. It would have benefited immeasurably from some of this blending of feeling and words. As a matter of fact, I found myself asking if Miss Bumbry understood what aspect of death she was singing about.

Miss Bumbry's experiment with "Der Doppelgänger" is another illustration of a prior point. Whereas I can rationalize Madame Lehmann's singing of the song because of her all-encompassing artistry, I wonder how one explains Miss Bumbry's excursion, and why, with the wealth of more appropriate songs within her present scope, she made the attempt at all. I found pleasure in Miss Bumbry's voice as such–sound for the sake of sound–but, to my regret, a minimum of excitement in her lieder.

Grace Bumbry–"one of the most beautiful instruments to be heard today."

Much as I admire the vocal skill of singers whose ideal seems to be "flute-like purity of sound," and I admit to some awe of the performance itself, particularly when it appears to be effortless, I am usually unmoved for any considerable time afterward. So I listened to Maria Stader, as I have listened before, with genuine respect for an achievement of no slight merit–the sound is straight, direct, clear, and impeccably pitched–but I became more and more restless for want of color. Again I ask, "Can singing be limited to sound itself?" In one sense there neither can nor should be comparison between Lotte Lehmann and Maria Stader. Yet, hearing them so close together, I know that I was warmed and excited by the former and left curiously detached by the latter. I listened to Stader's Mozart and Scarlatti with attention and nodded approvingly when she tossed off some of the hazardous embellishments and high notes. I can easily subscribe to the opinion that she is one of the small company of singers who can perform this music with éclat, but I felt no surge of response from within myself. Unquestionably, Miss Stader is a gifted and conscientious artist but I wish I could feel that she had some personal concern in moving me.

In general, I have no quarrel with the school of thought which holds that music must take precedence over performer. At the same time, we cannot escape the fact that without sound there can be no music. Since, in the case of song, the singer makes the sound, something of the performer must become an integral part of the music we hear and, to this degree, the performance becomes subjective and an expression of the singer. If we grant understanding of the music, is it not fair to judge the singer's impact by the response he, or she, elicits?

If these song recordings have anything in common, it is their first-rate accompanists. At this late date, we can add nothing to the high praise won long since by Paul Ulanowsky (Lehmann) and Gerald Moore (Schwarzkopf), but it is a pleasure to welcome Erik Werba (Bumbry) to their distinguished company. In spite of some reservations, every one of these recordings is an example of notable vocal achievement. And the best (Flagstad-Melchior, and Lehmann) remain a standard by which any singer may be proud to be judged.

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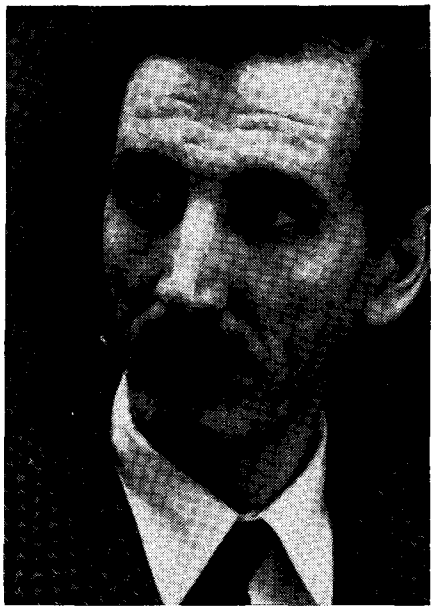
The M-G-M Reissues

LITTLE-KNOWN contemporary music has appeared and vanished on several labels over the years, but, with the possible exception of the Louisville Commission Series, no single producer has offered anything to match the quantity or variety of the assortment discontinued by M-G-M a few years ago. The adventurous young Edward Cole, who was M-G-M's A & R director in the mid-Fifties, made a special project of ferreting out obscure works and barely known composers, even commissioning new works for recording from such composers as Alan Hovhaness and Carlos Surinach. During Cole's tenure, M-G-M also brought to records for the first time many neglected items by such familiar masters as Brahms, Schubert, Fauré, and Mendelssohn, but these were discontinued along with the contemporaries.

Letters received by *SR* following our lament for certain "Casualties in Contemporaries" nearly three years ago [*SR*, May 14, 1960] indicated that more than a few determined collectors were still eagerly hunting for the M-G-M cutouts. These hunters will be happy to know that Hovhaness's "St. Vartan Symphony," one of the items mentioned in the 1960 article, is available again. Nor has "St. Vartan" returned alone. Thanks largely to the persistence of one man who felt these recordings had enough commercial value to justify their preservation even though none of them would sell a million, we can report that nearly 100 of the M-G-Ms have been reissued. This is almost certainly the largest single reissue project undertaken on any label.

The reissued discs will not be listed in the *Schwann Catalog*, since distribution will be limited to a very few outlets. The reason for this is that the original initiative for this undertaking came not from M-G-M itself but from an independent retailer who insisted there was a demand for it. The man with the persistence was Jerome Maggid, manager of the Record Hunter, the Fifth Avenue shop that reissued some Concert Hall recordings on its own label last winter and has underwritten similar projects in the recent past. Others had approached M-G-M about reprinting some of its deleted moderns, but Maggid was the one who wouldn't take no for an answer; by guaranteeing a substantial order, he persuaded M-G-M to submit a list of cutouts the company would be willing to press again, and the Record Hunter selected seventy-nine numbers from the ninety-odd proffered. By this time, M-G-M was not only convinced, but decided to offer the reissues on a wider scale. Thus, while the Record Hunter began with an "exclusive" in the New York area on its seventy-nine items, the Greenwich Village shop Discophile will handle the remaining fifteen on the M-G-M list, and the entire assortment will be offered by a few stores in other cities. The price may vary, since it's up to the respective dealers. The Record Hunter is asking $3.50 per disc.

Contemporaries expectedly predominate among the reissues (about 75 per cent), but the composers still missing from Schwann who appear on these discs represent several periods—André-Bloch, Lord Berners, Robert Cobert, Clérambault, Guilmant, Vagn Holmboe, John Ireland, Constant Lambert, Maldère, Oedon Partos, Marga Richter, Jean Rivier, Domingo Santa Cruz, and Jaime Mendoza-Nava. Included, too, are many otherwise unavailable titles by more familiar composers—the inexplicably neglected A major Serenade (Opus 16) of Brahms, two Haydn symphonies (Nos. 33 and 46), Vincent d'Indy's "Istar" variations,



Alan Hovhaness — "Most favored in the M-G-M series."

chamber works by Mendelssohn, Fauré, and Rachmaninoff, three orchestral suites by Aaron Copland, Richard Strauss' posthumous Symphony for Wind Instruments, and Bloch's Piano Quintet, to mention a few. Performing artists include Izler Solomon, Arthur Winograd, Anatole Fistoulari, Maro and Anahid Ajemian, Gaby Casadesus, Johanna Harris, William Masselos, the Philharmonia and London Symphony orchestras, Richard Ellsasser, Emanuel Vardi and the Guilet Quartet, among others.

It had been rumored that new masters had been prepared for all the reissued records, but M-G-M advised this has not been done. Nevertheless, the reissues sound better than the originals. Some of them still suffer from a rather dry acoustic, but this does not seem to affect the chamber pieces or any items of European origin, and the new pressings represent an enormous improvement in surface quality. The jackets are minus art work now, but in most cases have the original liner notes.

While this is a rather overwhelming quantity to be reissued at one blow, it is perhaps easier to pick out the handful of uninteresting discs here than to select a dozen or so as the most appealing. Some of the recordings, attractive enough in their own right, might be passed over because they are no longer unique. The "Pierrot Lunaire" of Schoenberg, directed by Arthur Winograd and featuring Alice Howland in the *Sprechstimme* part, was an ideal realization of that work, and among the most lamented of the cutouts, but Concert-Disc has issued a new and, of course, stereophonic "Pierrot" in which Miss Howland repeats her performance. The recordings offered here of Henry Cowell's Seventh Symphony and Daniel Pinkham's "Concertante" are the same ones that have been circulating on CRI (with different couplings) since M-G-M originally withdrew them.

Izler Solomon's recording of Kurt Weill's "Kleine Dreigroschenmusik" (the suite from "Three-Penny Opera") might be thought to be in this category of duplication, since Angel has just released a new version by Klemperer, who commissioned the suite and made a classic recording of parts of it with the Berlin State Opera Orchestra when the work was new. We mentioned in our 1960 piece that the Solomon was not a match for the old Klemperer Polydors, but many may feel it is as close to the original as the latter's remake for Angel. Solomon has the arguable advantage of including the "Anstatt-dass Lied," omitted on the Angel. Similarly, Anatole Fistoulari's reissued version of Poulenc's sparkling ballet "Les Biches,"

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like Georges Prêtre's new one on Angel, omits the "Chanson dansée" that was on the wonderful old London record conducted by Roger Désormière, but offers a unique coupling in the form of Poulenc's "Aubade."

Arthur Winograd's reading of Carl Nielsen's "Little Suite" for string orchestra is one of the very few disappointments in the impressive batch of "only versions." The performance is on the dull side, suggesting that the piece is "just another Opus 1," and the recording is rather wooden. However, the same conductor's Brahms Serenade is more than acceptable, and it must be regretted that his excellent "Little Russian" and his coupling of the two Dvorák serenades were not included. Competition from bigger names probably ruled out the Tchaikovsky and Dvorák, but as performances they were superior to most current versions.

Alan Hovhaness has evolved a musical language entirely his own and, while his name might not be the first to come to mind, he is actually one of the most-performed of American composers. He was also the most favored in the M-G-M series, and is, not surprisingly, the most heavily represented among the reissues, with seventeen titles. In addition to "St. Vartan," which may be the most sought-after of all the M-G-Ms, these include the incidental music for "The Flowering Peach" (conducted by the composer); the "Khaldis" Concerto for piano, four trumpets and percussion; the orchestral fantasy "Anahid," and "Tower Music" (brass and winds). Those who remember that the labels were reversed on all copies of "St. Vartan" when it was first issued will be gratified to know this has been corrected, by the way.

Before he came to America, Kurt Weill had a reputation as a serious composer who sometimes flirted with atonality, and whose Second Symphony was written in the Thirties specifically for performanc by Bruno Walter. This side of Weill is represented among these reissues by the important Concerto for Violin and Winds (Opus 12) and some pieces for violin and piano. The complete scores of "Johnny Johnson" (with Lotte Lenya) and "Der Jasager" (recorded in Düsseldorf under Lenya's supervision) are back, too, in addition to the aforementioned "Kleine Dreigroschenmusik."

The discography of Karl-Birger Blomdahl, whose success with "Aniara" seems to have established him as Scandinavia's leading composer, is doubled with the resurrection of his Chamber Concerto for piano, winds, and percussion. Paul Ben-Haim, Israel's most celebrated composer, turns up with a piano sonata and a concerto for strings,

Where to Find Them

M-G-M has advised that some or all of the reissued discs are being sold in ten cities, at the shops listed below:

Baltimore	Hi-Fi Record Shop
Chicago	Discount Records
Cincinnati	Discount Records
Cleveland	Discount Records
Detroit	Discount Records
	Grinnell Brothers
Los Angeles	Chesterfield Records
New York City	Discophile
	The Record Hunter
Philadelphia	The Record Mart
San Francisco	Discount Records
Wash., D.C.	The Disc Shop
	Discount Records

and his more interesting, if less known, compatriot Oedon Partos (a Bartók disciple whose meaty Second Quartet was given its U.S. première last spring) is represented by his "Yiskor," an elegy for viola and strings on a beautiful disc of works for that combination (the others being Hindemith's "Trauermusik" and Hovhaness's "Talin") featuring violist Emanuel Vardi.

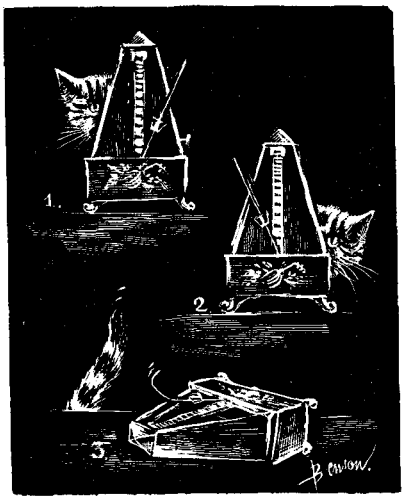
If it is surprising that so splendid a work as the Bloch Quintet for piano and strings was allowed to drop out of the catalogue, we can be grateful for the restoration of the recording by Johanna Harris and the Walden Quartet, quite possibly the most rewarding, if not the most exciting, of all the reissues. There is also a superior performance of Bloch's Concerto Grosso No. 2 by the Guilet Quartet with an orchestra under Izler Solomon, coupled with appealing music for string orchestra by George Antheil (Serenade No. 1) and the young American Marga Richter ("Lament").

Paul Bowles's "The Wind Remains," the only *zarzuela* I know of by a non-Spaniard, is a fascinating, colorful piece, through Peggy Glanville-Hicks's "Letters from Morocco" (with Bowles's letters supplying the text), on the same disc, is hardly that—her "Etruscan Concerto," coupled with a Holmboe Concerto for trumpet, horns, and strings, is more substantial. Songwriter Vernon Duke's orchestral "Souvenir de Monte Carlo" is among the reissues, and there are two "souvenirs" of the late John Ireland, his Piano Concerto and "Concertino Pastorale," constituting his entire discography in this country.

On more familiar ground, at least so far as sources are concerned, there are Schubert's curious dramatic work "The Death of Lazarus" and orchestral suites from Prokofiev's "The Gambler," Kabalevsky's "Colas Breugnon" and Rimsky-Korsakov's "Ivan the Terrible." Fauré fans will find the "Shylock" Suite for orchestra (with tenor soloist), a piano trio, and the C minor Piano Quintet. Other chamber music rarities are Mendelssohn's Opus 110 Sextet for piano and strings, a quartet by Rachmaninoff, and septets for odd combinations by d'Indy (two flutes, trumpet, and strings) and Saint-Saëns (piano, trumpet and strings). Rachmaninoff for piano is also in evidence, with two sonatas, the "Etudes tableaux" of Opus 33, and the variations on themes of Corelli and Chopin (Bernard Weiser and Warren Perry Thew are the pianists).

Some of our 1960 correspondents intimated that there were some mouth-watering tapes in M-G-M's "icebox" which had never been made up into disc masters. Should any of this unreleased material be made available, we might expect Kurt Weill's String Quartet Opus 8, two by Hindemith (Nos. 1 and 4), all the Chabrier piano music played by Gaby Casadesus, the complete organ music of Vaughan Williams played by Richard Ellsasser, Arthur Winograd's effective "expansion" of the Bruckner Viola Quintet, and two pieces by Carlos Surinach often spoken of but rarely heard—his "Sinfonia Chica" for large orchestra and the ballet score "The Embattled Garden." It is also known that there are stereophonic tapes of many of the items already reissued, but it is extremely doubtful that stereo discs will be issued or that the unreleased titles will be forthcoming. Still, this sizable and unexpected reissue did come to pass, and it now seems less unreasonable than before to believe there might be more. In the meantime, glory, honor, and thanks to all who participated.

—RICHARD FREED.



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Recordings in Review

A Long Farewell

WAGNER: *Overture to "Flying Dutchman," "Schläfts du Gast" and "Du bist der Lenz" ("Die Walküre") "Good Friday Spell" ("Parsifal"), "Wesendonck Lieder," "Prelude and Love Death" ("Tristan und Isolde"), "Dawn, Rhine Journey and Immolation" ("Götterdämmerung"). Kirsten Flagstad, soprano, with the Symphony of the Air conducted by Edwin McArthur.* Orfeo-Sonic Corporation, Carnegie Hall, N. Y. $24.95.

By an unhappy coincidence, what was planned as a mere reminder of the greatness of Kirsten Flagstad, as represented by the last public singing she did in the United States, has become in this issue a memorial to a lifetime of artistry. In the final fiery measures of the "Immolation," as played by the Symphony of the Air on that memorable Tuesday afternoon (March 20, 1955) when Mme. Flagstad returned to Carnegie Hall to sing a benefit for the ex-NBC Orchestra, many who rate her singing as among their richest musical privileges will experience a consecration of all she meant to them, artistically.

There is, from the start, a wonderful solidity of sound in the "Walküre" excerpts, but the real glow of expressivity and tenderness of feeling comes into the voice with the "Wesendonck" songs. Perhaps there is somewhere on record another interpretation as meltingly warm-hearted as this, but even her own on London lacks the directness of communication that she summoned in the presence of an audience. This is followed by a "Liebestod" which is not so much a lament as a sublimation of all passion, a serenely radiant fulfilment of Wagner's own conception of the scene as a *Verklärung* (transfiguration) rather than the popular, Liszt-given name of Love-death.

The intimation of this much of the program is that even in her time of retirement (Mme. Flagstad had last sung in New York two years before) she had continued to grow and mature in her command of the subtler values of interpretation, even if something of the old joyous rapture had lessened But the "Immolation" refuted all that in a burst of power and facility whose lapses (a pitch here and there below the mark) seem, on second audition, more a product of excitement than vocal decline.

Flagstad — "memorial to a lifetime of artistry."

Here, too, the orchestra strides out with a pronouncement remindful of what great things these men did under their long-time leader. McArthur, an accompanist at heart, does his most suitable service in the Wesendonck songs and the "Liebestod." Elsewhere he measures pace correctly and provides the cues as needed without appreciably raising the temperature, either of the orchestra or the music.

The tapes from which the discs have been processed have, of course, been in existence for seven years, known only to a handful of persons. The legal barriers to their issuance were resolved only in relatively recent months, and the timing of the release had, of course, nothing directly to do with the sad happening in Norway on December 8. Technical supervision of the recording was in the competent hands of David Sarser, who had his balances well set up and his equipment properly organized to preserve faithfully just what happened. The three-record set is encased in a handsome red leatherette container that is built to last—as, certainly, its content will.

The Early Horowitz

LISZT: *B minor Sonata, "Funerailles";* SCHUMANN: *"Toccata," "Arabesque," "Traumeswirren," and "Presto Passionato." Vladimir Horowitz, piano.* Angel COLH 72, $5.98.

Not many persons still pursuing active careers have been honored in this series (Serkin as a member of the Busch Trio, and Casals playing unaccompanied Bach, are the only other that come to mind). But there is no doubt at all that Horowitz's Liszt B minor is one of the great recordings of the century, whether one chooses to put the designation in lower case or capitals.

For those who may not have been record buyers when it was current in the Thirties and Forties, this recording of 1932 reproduces a performance which many considered the greatest Liszt B minor they ever heard. That included more than a scattering of older listeners to the Carnegie Hall concert of February 21, 1928 (of which it was a part), whose experience spanned decades of performances by others.

Much of the reason for this exclusive rating sounds from the grooves of this fine transcript, one of the most successful transfers of a piano recording of its time. It is not only dynamic and demonic: it is expounded with that fiendish combination of bravura and control which gave Horowitz the rank of a master at twenty-four (his age at his debut a few weeks before with the New York Philharmonic).

All the other performances have long enjoyed honorable places in the lore of piano recording, with the exception of the Schumann "Toccata," previously unissued. It shares the surprisingly satisfactory sound of the reissues and is very close to them in artistic quality.

Americanized Mozart

MOZART: *Quartets in G (K. 387), D minor (K. 421), E flat (K. 428), B flat (K. 458), A major (K. 464), and C major (K. 465). Juilliard Quartet.* Epic Stereo BSC 143, $17.98.

There have for years been quartets composed in whole or large part of Americans, but the Juilliard Quartet as presently constituted is the first of high rank to develop a style which could be justly called American. By contrast with all the predecessors I can think of, whose molding of phrases and ordering of dynamics derives from one or another European model, Robert Mann and his associates have proceeded from their own point of departure to a destination decidedly individual.

As with the best American pianists the style begins with complete technical command, so that difficulty of execution plays no part in determining speed. This applies not only to the

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violins but to the less manageable viola and cello, which are likely to be the stragglers for other groups. From this facility derives a transparency of texture not often matched in this literature, and a broad dynamic range.

As these are primarily motoristic attributes, the kind that make for drive and momentum, they are most useful in fast movements. In the present set of "Haydn" quartets (the name derives from Mozart's dedication of them to his senior contemporary), they count for most in the finales, whether fanciful or fugal, in which the composer's ideas tumble over each in such a profusion that most quartets temper impulse with caution in the interest of accuracy. Not so the Julliards: accuracy is within their grasp at almost any tempo.

In the opening movements, especially the D minor and B flat major, there is a tendency to set a pace and stay with it no matter what. One might counter by saying that Mozart did not indicate ritards for his second subjects, or relaxations of tempo in his development sections: but these are just the aspects of custom that the Juilliard players have chosen to dispute. The same inclination to inflexibility takes the ebb and flow from slow movements otherwise beautifully played.

What would be desirable, of course, a merger of all elements into a new amalgam. Certainly it is refreshing to hear textual definition of the clarity and care that the Juilliards sustain in each movement of all six quartets (including the crossing lines of the introduction to No. 6 in C, which are ideally defined). Too often, however, clarity seems a goal rather than a stepping stone to a higher objective. The recording fuzzes nothing, reveals all.

Klemperer's Mahler

MAHLER: *Symphony No. 4 in G. Otto Klemperer conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano.* Angel S 35829, $5.98.

Despite his long identification with Mahler and his music, this is the first recording of such a score by Klemperer since his recent intensive studio work began (Vox still offers one of the earliest of its LP sets, the Symphony No. 2 and "Lied von der Erde" taken from a Vienna concert). That this is an oversight is readily apparent from the quality of Klemperer's effort.

As the number of good to excellent performances of the Fourth Symphony now available suggest, it is a work about whose values there is a well-rounded body of opinion (Reiner, Walter, Bernstein, Kletzki, and Solti are among those testifying). Klemperer does not undertake to convince us that he has some secret sources of information not possessed by others. This is a warmly sympathetic, non-idiosyncratic performance which makes its effect not by turning inner voices into outer ones and vice versa, but by organizing the flow of the whole into as convincing a sequence as he can contrive.

There is, perhaps, a shade more breadth and weight at some climaxes than in other versions, and Schwarzkopf's voice of today is not the bright, "angelic" sound commonly sought out for the finale. But her assurance and poise as well as the meaning she imparts to the verbal text produce a result that is in keeping with the whole trend of Klemperer's conception. Thus it may be included in the upper category of the "good to excellent" performances noted previously.

"Trittico" a la Tebaldi

PUCCINI: *"Il Tabarro," with Renata Tebaldi, Mario del Monaco, and Robert Merrill. "Suor Angelica" with Tebaldi, Giulietta Simionato, and Lucia Danieli (The Mother Superior). "Gianni Schicchi" with Fernando Corena, Tebaldi, and Agostino Lazzari (Rinuccio). All with the chorus and orchestra of the Maggio Musicale Fiorentino conducted by Lamberto Gardelli.* London OSA1364, $17.94.

The old question of whether the three works of Puccini's "Trittico" make a coherent musical sequence is resolved, phonographically at least, by this issue. It has, beyond whatever related values exist among the three works, the voice of Tebaldi to make them cohere as one has never heard in the theatre, and very likely never will.

Or perhaps it would be better to say the "voices of Tebaldi." For what redeems this venture from the category of merely a stunt is the soprano's ability to vary her color and quantity of sound to suit the needs of Giorgetta in "Il Tabarro," Suor Angelica herself, and Lauretta in "Gianni Schicchi." Some may say these are merely, in order, her Tosca voice, her Butterfly voice and her Mimi voice; but she maintains the selected stops and timbres conscientiously in each case.

It helps, of course, that she has such strong performers with and against her as del Monaco and Merrill in "Tabarro" and Giulietta Simionato as the Princess in "Suor Angelica," for of themselves they would distinguish any recording of these works. In "Gianni Schicchi" Tebaldi's participation is rather more of a token sort, for Lauretta is out of sight and sound much more than she is in. However, it gives her the opportunity to sing "Oh mio babbino caro," which she does charmingly, likewise the brief final duet with the light-voiced Rinuccio, Agostino Lazzari. "Gianni Schicchi" doesn't quite achieve the level of the others, suffering rather more from a lack of visual assets. The musical ensemble is clean and well balanced if not really sparkling, and Corena's Schicchi by sound alone doesn't make all the desirable points. For that matter, the direction of the hitherto unfamiliar Gardelli is a weak element in "Tabarro" and "Suor Angelica," tending to surrender too much prominence to the singers and not rising to the opportunities of the orchestral interjections as some others have.

The special value of having so generally good a "Trittico" to enjoy is the opportunity it presents to judge it in the light of those works which preceded and followed. Now that "Fanciulla" and "Turandot" have become so much more accessible than ever before, it is clear that both "Il Tabarro" and "Suor Angelica" took some and gave some in the sequence. "Gianni Schicchi" remains much more a special case, though it lightened Puccini's pen (in a post-"Falstaff" way) for the writing he was later to do for Ping, Pang, and Pong.

Technically, the three works are expertly arranged in the resonant studio to give maximum advantage to the character and opportunities of each. This is by no means an easy task, but it has been accomplished without directing too much attention to inconsequential detail. Finally, each work is available simultaneously as a separate issue, with numbers OSA 1151 ("Tabarro"), 1152 ("Suor Angelica") and 1153 ("Gianni Schicchi") listing at $5.98 for the stereo, $4.98 for mono.

Tebaldi—"makes them cohere as . . . never . . . in the theatre."

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: ORCHESTRAL LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Concerto No. 5 ("Emperor"). Alfred Brendel, piano, with the Pro Musica Orchestra, Vienna, conducted by Zubin Mehta. Vox Stereo 512.050, $5.98.	The extraordinary promise detected in prior recordings of Mozart's K. 503 by Brendel (*SR,* N 24, 1962) is furthered by this fine effort, in a partnership with Mehta which identifies them as made musically for each other. That is to say they have an equal respect for the letter of the music they perform without sacrificing any part of the content. Clarity, balance, and sentiment governed by reason are some of the qualities in the refreshing artistry of Brendel which find their counterpart in Mehta's powerfully assured conducting of an ensemble which, if not first rate in individual elements, gives first-rate results. Note, for example, the high degree of accuracy in intonation he sustains in a work notoriously treacherous in this respect. Brendel's artistry also finds a congenial outlet in the Opus 77 fantasy of Beethoven (for piano alone) which occupies the final third of Side 2. The recording throughout is good.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 3. Karl Böhm conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. DG LPM 18 814, $5.98.	Few conductors exceed Böhm in the diligence with which he pursues inner voices and other subtleties in the constructive tissue of this work. The only voice which eludes him is Beethoven's—for the strong basic line of thought is constantly being intruded upon by these digressions and "parenthetical remarks." This element aside, it should also be noted that the statement of the work as a whole tends to the academic, with little of the sweep, drive, or spiritual impulse of a reasonably purposeful "Eroica." And if it is not compounding the list of indictments beyond the credible, it must be added that the orchestra's woodwinds do not always perform with the precision expected of them. However, the reproduction of all is excellent.
Berlioz: "Symphonie Fantastique." Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LSC 2608, $5.98.	This record restores to currency the content of a well remembered Vaughan Williams disc by Boult for Westminster. Least familiar to the average listener are the "English Folk Songs" suite and the "Norfolk Rhapsody," both of which have endearing qualities. Indeed, one could launch an interesting controversy on the relative merits of Vaughan Williams's treatment of folk tunes and Delius's (in Brigg Fair, for example). My preference would be for the former, in terms of variety as well as vigorous contrast. The material is in excellent hands, the playing first class. The record is a little bass heavy, but this can be amended by corrective action at the controls.
Brahms: Concerto No. 2 in B flat. Leon Fleisher, piano, with the Cleveland Orchestra directed by George Szell. Epic Stereo BC 1253, $5.98.	There is hardly a thoughtless measure in this performance, but scarcely a spontaneous one either. It has all been so carefully plotted, brooded over, and analyzed (with a view, no doubt, to eliminating those elements of unfaithfulness which may creep into some performances) that the big line and strong forward movement of the work succumb to pettifogging detail. As an instance: Fleisher is so intent upon rendering every dotted rhythm its precise mathematical value that the recurrent sequences of them in this work come out angular and mechanical rather than either graceful or expressive. Invariably the stress in his playing is on the architectural, structural divisions of the phrase rather than upon its total design. Invariably, then, the music is broken down into choppy, rather scrappy, elements rather than formed into substantial segments of thought. Szell gives him loyal support, and the recording is efficiently achieved.
Handel: "Music for the Royal Fireworks," Concerto No. 2 for two wind bands and strings. Charles Mackerras conducting. Bach Guild BGS 5046, $5.95.	Mackerras doesn't have the musical resources enjoyed by Stokowski in his recent treatment of the "Fireworks" music (only seventy three players), and the full range of movements is not included, but when he is underway, in the allegro movements, he generates a stride and momentum not heard from any conductor of Handel since Beecham. This consists, to some extent, just of avoiding sentimental ritards and keeping the pace bright, but it takes in other areas of sensitivity as well. The miscellany of movements in the concerto are equally variable in quality, but the best of them (a passacaglia used twice before by Handel, and sections of an organ concerto) make fine listening. The playing is good but either a fuzzy master or a gritty surface mar the clarity of sound on the disc heard for review.
Mozart: "Galimathias musicum" (KV 32), Concerto No. 1 in D (KV 107); Haydn, Michael: "Turkish March," Divertimento in G ("Hochzeit auf der Alm"). Bernhard Paumgartner conducting the Camerata Academica, with Isolde Ahlgrimm, cembalo. Amadeo AVRS 6179, $5.95.	These works of Mozart's "golden" ninth and tenth years offer interest that is far more than academic, especially in the KV 32. It is a many-movement (twenty) succession of minuets, marches, and slow movements which digress, from time to time, into a kind of burlesque humor familiar from such later works as the "Musikalischer Spass." Some are for strings and cembalo, some for strings alone, but all replete with instances of instinct and musical impulse uniquely Mozartian. The "concerto" is somewhat more formal an approach to its opportunities (the young Mozart took his responsibility in such a venture very seriously), but no less a wonder. The contemporary (1767) works of Josef's brother are skilfully constructed (the March is curiously similar to what Mozart was later to do in the "Entführung") but for all that, pedestrian. Very good performances in both instances, and agreeable sound.
Schubert: Grätzer Galop; Beethoven: Contredanses (six); Lanner: Two Mazurkas, "Malapou" galop, "Hansjörgel" polka; Strauss J. Sr.: "Bajaderen" waltz; Strauss, J. Jr.: "Scherz" polka; Strauss, Josef: "Marienklänge" waltz; Payer, H.: "Galanterie" waltz, also four "Dances of old Vienna" by F. Gruber, etc. Willi Boskowsky, violin, and chamber ensemble. Vanguard VSD 2129, $5.95.	Whether, as he was recently advertised for a London appearance, Boskowsky is the "Karajan of the waltz" (would that make Karajan the Boskowsky of the symphony?), he is emphatically a performer of persuasive charm in music of this genre. The ensemble varies from violins, viola, and double bass with flute, clarinet, and two horns to two violins and guitar (in the "Dances of old Vienna"), always in perfect accord with the best interests of the dances being performed. Choice sound.
Vaughan Williams: "Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis," "Fantasia on Greensleeves," "Norfolk Rhapsody," and "Folk Song Suite." Sir Adrian Boult conducting. Vanguard VRS 1094, $4.98.	This is the fourth "Fantastique" by Munch (the prior issues included one on London and two on RCA, including an earlier stereo), and in some ways the most refined in its treatment of texture and coloristic detail. But it sounds to me as lacking, in the "Marche au Supplice" and the "Ron du Sabbat," the kind of intensity and conviction that characterized his best efforts in the conc hall and their transcription on disc. It may well be that the shock effect of the treatment has worn off, but a sense of effort is nevertheless present. The simultaneous issue of the tape offers at least one element of preference (beyond sound) over the disc—no interruption midway in the "Scène aux Champs." In order to utilize the beginning of Side Two for a louder climax, the mood is arbitrarily interrupted. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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The Children's Hour

By JOHN CIARDI

CHRISTMAS comes and goes but a child's imagination goes right on being insatiable while the stuff offered to children on TV goes right on, with only occasional exceptions, being insufferable. Parents with a thought of trying to get something better than those tinny cartoon strips into their children's imaginations might well think seriously, therefore, of bribing their attention with good recordings for children. There will be worse resolutions made for 1963.

Recordings, however, are not exactly penny items, and the parent who wants to build a library of them for his chicks must buy selectively. A five- or six-dollar recording that will win the young listener to hours of playing and replaying is a bargain. But even a much cheaper one that fails to win the child's interest is wasted money. An extra bonus of the good recording is in the likelihood that it might even tempt the child to read the book from which the readings are taken.

As one parent's guide to that necessary selectivity, I must cite a number of the new releases as doubtful investments. They are "The John Masefield Story-Telling Festival" released by the Toronto (yes, Canada) Public Libraries (TLP 101, two sides, no price listed), "Carl Sandburg Reading His Rootabaga Stories" released by Caedmon (TC 1159, two sides, $5.95), and "Just So Stories" (of Kipling, of course) read by Jill Balcon and Robert Speaight, released by Spoken Arts in two volumes (SA 823 and SA 824, two sides each, $5.95 each).

The Toronto Public Libraries thing may be dismissed simply enough as a local amateur effort, perhaps commendable enough as such but of no general interest, unless one happens to be a passionate collector of John Masefield's astonishingly stylized voice, which strikes me as something between a case of asthma and the epilogue to the British Empire.

The Sandburg and the Kipling readings, the first recorded by the author himself, are excellently done as readings. Speech classes, dramatic schools, and all who care about the art of reading can well afford to listen to them attentively, for Sandburg is a grand performer in his own manner, Robert Speaight is always a superb reader, and Jill Balcon stands excellently beside the master. It is the material itself that strikes me as failing to reach out either to my own children or to the child in me (and let me add that I prefer to trust the child in me as having fewer distractions and—or so I hope at least—a longer attention span). Another listener may find good reason to disagree with my sense of it, but I find both sets of tales long-winded and somehow condescending. They also seem dated. They might have worked well for the scrubbed and properly naïve children of another generation, but today they seem a bit pompously written.

What I think of as a wise investment in winning the interest of children is brilliantly exemplified, on the other hand, by "Winnie the Pooh read by Maurice Evans," released by Pathways of Sound (POS 1032, two sides, $3.98). As with Robert Speaight, it is all but impossible to imagine Maurice Evans reading anything but well. He reads, in fact, superbly, and A. A. Milne's tales, forever firm to the imagination, respond to such reading in a way to make a great hour. There is no need to worry about respecting this one, or about praising in proportion. The more natural response is the simple and happy one of playing it over and over again, and then again.

Evans—"impossible to imagine [him] reading anything but well."

Depending upon any given parent's sense of his own children I must also cite as superb performances and superb material the Spoken Arts three-volume release (in separate jackets) of "Grimm's Fairy Tales" read by Eve Watkinson and Christopher Casson, who also sings the various songs and incantations in the tales, and who provides a harp accompaniment at times (Vol. I, SA 840; Vol. II, SA 845; Vol. III, SA 846; two sides each, $5.95 each).

Certain parents may decry the stuff of these tales. Tom Thumb, for example, cheats the Gypsies and the telling seems to approve of his dishonesty. And such a tale as "The Juniper Tree" is compact of primordial violence and the tribal law of an eye for an eye. The bad stepmother cuts off the boy's head. To hide her crime she cooks him up as a pudding and serves him to his father. The father throws the bones (yes, of the pudding) under the table. But the sweet half-sister (the stepmother's own child) wraps them in a silken handkerchief and buries them under the Juniper Tree where the boy's mother lies. The bones change into a singing and talking bird who gathers various treasures, including a millstone, in exchange for the marvels he can perform. The bird returns home, gives a treasure to the father and another to the sweet half-sister but drops the millstone on the wicked stepmother. She disappears in a cloud of sulfurous smoke and as the cloud blows by, the boy reappears in his original form, whereupon the boy, his father, and the sweet half-sister go in to eat a happy meal.

That's murder, cannibalism, and bloody revenge, and parents who fear such a diet for their chicks might well stay away. But the power of Grimm's tales, I shall believe, is in the wildly lucid dream-quality of their violence. An unstable child may be better off without this sort of stuff. But any loved and healthy child will know what dreams these are and will know how to soak them up in rapt attention. I would even guess that he will be better off for having such fantasies enacted for him within the formalities of stories. But parents must make up their own minds about such therapies. If it is pleasure they want to buy their young listeners, it is here for sale. "The Juniper Tree," let me add, is in Volume II. None of the tales in Volumes I and III are quite as violent as that one.

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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs & Tapes

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach-Vivaldi: Concerti (A minor, D minor, C major, G major). Anton Heiller, organ. Bach Guild BGS 5049, $5.95. (S)	A worthy aspect of this enterprise is the impulse that took Heiller to the organ of St. Mary's Church in Hälsingborg, Sweden. A modern (1959) instrument, it combines ample resources of color and range with a bright, unmuted sound that aids no little in following the contrapuntal design of the music by Vivaldi as adapted by Bach. Heiller is a resourceful and musicianly organist. His performances are restricted in effect by his impulse to a straightforward, uninflected kind of performance which turns out so many notes per measure but does not impart very much that is personal or meaningful to them. The sound is true, good, and admirably full.
Berg: Sonata Op. 1; Beethoven: Sonata Op. 81a ("Les Adieux"); Haydn: Sonata in F minor, Op. 23; Mozart: Rondo in A minor (K.511); Fux, J. J.: "Harpeggio e fuga"; Schubert: Two Scherzi and Variations on a theme by Diabelli; Bruckner: "Erinnerung." Joerg Demus, piano. Music Guild S 23, $6.50.	For those who have been keeping abreast of his activities as Fischer-Dieskau's preferred accompanist for his German recordings, Demus has been moving steadily away from an in-between status to that of a mature, full-fledged artist. Much the same can be said for the best of his playing in this well-chosen, admirably reproduced survey of Austrian piano music, especially the Mozart Rondo, a sheer joy, the Haydn sonata, a reverent pleasure, the Schubert Scherzi, and the Berg sonata. Here the artistic issue has to do with how well the design of the composer can be realized, a challenge Demus meets directly and with considerable success. In the Beethoven, which requires a penetration into substance as well, Demus is less perceptive, passing over some subtleties and undervaluing others. However, there is much of high quality here, and all of it is complementary to his serious purpose as an artist.
Donizetti: "Com'è gentil" and "Cerchero lontana terra" ("Don Pasquale"), "Una furtiva lagrima" ("L'Elisir d'Amore"), "Una vergine," and "Spirito gentil" ("La Favorita"); Meyerbeer: "O Paradiso" ("L'Africana") and "Bianca al par" ("Gli Ugonotti"); Verdi: "La donna è mobile" ("Rigoletto"); Bizet: "Mi par d'udir ancora" ("I Pescatori di perle"), etc. Alfredo Kraus, tenor. Montilla FMS 2076, $5.98.	Not since the first sounds from the youthful Giuseppe di Stefano has a tenor voice been heard with the beauty of this one belonging to the Spaniard with the oddly Germanic name. It is pure lyric tenor, with a ravishing texture and the extention to sing Cs as a matter of course and Ds upon demand (mostly Donizetti's). The variety of material is explained by the disc's derivation from a film extolling the life of Julian Gayarre, a nineteenth century predecessor of Kraus celebrated for his Nemorino in "L'Elisir." In any case, it is a wide-ranging review of Kraus's vocal credentials which appear to have strengthened in variety and control since a prior recording was reviewed in *SR* (Feb. 25, 1961). If Kraus is capable of this kind of relaxed, fully mastered singing in the opera house, he could be top dog among the world's lyric tenors. The recording is excellent though some of the tracks have a quaver.
Dvorák: Quartet in G, Op. 106. Vlach Quartet Supraphon SUA 10172, $5.98.	This work is something of a hybrid, begun in America but finished in Europe, after the composer's return in 1895. It begins with high promise, and the finale is also absorbing. The slow movement and scherzo are of a rather different, more melancholy character, which gives the work a rather discontinuous variety of moods. Each movement, however, is masterfully worked out, with a superb control of the materials employed. The Vlach performance is everything that might be asked in impulse, musical balance, and tonal quality. The recording is not of the latest mode, but well achieved for its kind.
Haydn: Divertimenti in G, F, C, F, and C. March for the Prince of Wales. Wind Ensemble of the Vienna Volksoper conducted by Wilhelm Sommer. Amadeo AVRS 6208, $5.95.	Generically these belong to the category of works called "Feldparthien," or music for wind bar the ensemble ranging for four to six (always with horns, sometimes with pairs of clarinets or oboes, or both). They are spirited, sonorous, and full of the skilful interplay which was regarded as appropriate for the *hausmusik* of Haydn's princely patron (in this case, Ferdinand Maximilian Franz von Marzin) for whom he worked pre-Esterhazy. It makes a lovely sound, and the expert performers are thoroughly responsive to the attentive supervision of Wilhelm Sommer. The "brilliant" march for the Prince of Wales (1792) is of a sort familiar from the operas of Mozart (also "Fidelio") but full of original touches nonetheless. Highly satisfactory reproduction.
Hindemith: Requiem ("For those we love"). Paul Hindemith conducting the Vienna Symphony Orchestra, with chorus and Elisabeth Höngen, mezzo, and Hans Braun, tenor. Everest Stereo 3100, $5.98.	Though the liner notes make much of this work's origin in New Haven during Hindemith's period there, and of its relation to the quoted words of Whitman beginning "When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd," it is given in a German text. More distressing, so far as musical appreciation of the work is concerned, is the uncertain focus and poor balance of the recording. The solo voices are audible enough, but the other elements are scaled down in their favor, which is, however, no favor to the work. It sounds, on the whole, less like a perfected product of studio sessions than a run-through of a not too perfected broadcast. The stereo elements are hard to detect.
Schubert: Sonata in C (unfinished), Allegretto in C minor, four Ländler, Moment Musical in F minor. Sviatoslav Richter, piano. Monitor MC 2057, $4.98.	These works do not bring out the best in the Russian pianist, nor does he, for that matter, bring out the best in them. The short works are beautifully formulated, in pianistic terms, but stiff, rhythmically, rather unrelenting in terms of their geniality and simple content. The sonata provides him with more that is challenging but, again, it is rather too much of a monotone dynamically. Good piano sound.
Schumann: "Der Nussbaum," "Die Stille," "Schneeglöckchen," "Die Lotusblume," "Intermezzo," "Aufträge"; Brahms: "Ständchen," "Geheimnis," "Auf dem Schiffe," "Trennung," "Vergebliches Ständchen," "Wiegenlied," "Das Mädchen Spricht," "Mädchenlied" (I and II); Strauss: "Schlagende Herzen," "Wiegenlied," "Schlechtes Wetter," "Amor," "An die Nacht" and "Als Mir dien Lied Erklang." Rita Streich, soprano, with Günther Weissenborn, piano. D G SLPM 138 716, $6.98.	There is scarcely an unclear tone nor an off-center sound in this score of songs performed by Miss Streich with breathless clarity and ease. But there is also hardly a meaningful phrase or a strong statement of emotion in her uniformly placid performances. For the brilliant facility with which she outlines such a difficult song as "Aufträge" she can thank her mentors, Erna Berger and Maria Ivogün; but for the absence of sparkle or roguishness in such lines as "Für den Gruss einen Kuss" she has only her own lack of imagination or personality to blame. She does, however, rise to the challenge of the high-lying "Brentano lieder" of Strauss (1919) with a vocal perfection that makes absorbing listening of them, without regard for any other consideration. The piano-playing of Günther Weissenborn is consistently of high quality, as is the reproduction.
Shostakovitch: Quartets Nos. 4 and 8. Borodin Quartet. Mercury SR 90309, $5.98.	As has become almost axiomatic in recent years, much better music of Shostakovitch is to be found in his chamber music works as they appear than in the chronologically parallel scores for orchestra. No. 8 of 1960 is a whirlwind of a work when it suits his purpose to make it so mournfully introspective one when that urge is on him. In either case the surmise might be t quartets are not supposed to appeal to "the people" and thus he can pursue his own way without fea of treading on official toes. In his interesting commentary, Nicolas Slonimsky notes the occurrence of what he considers a motto theme made up of initials of Shostakovitch's name, also allusions to the first symphony of his youth. Whatever these autobiographical factors, the eighth is a work of sense, form and power which the Russian group plays with devotion and musical command. —I.K.

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Pianists with Fortes

PIANIST Ahmad Jamal is a success: he has several best-selling LP's, a supper-club following (which otherwise displays little interest in jazz), and several direct imitators. He has also received the deeper compliment of having admittedly affected the work of an important jazzman. His success should surprise no one, and his effect on Miles Davis should prove (if proof were needed) that good art can be influenced by bad.

Clearly, Davis responds to some of Jamal's interesting harmonic substitutions and the very light and impeccably accurate rhythmic pulse of Jamal's trio, particularly in the support he got from his bassist, the late Israel Crosby, and from his drummer, Vernell Fournier. Further, Jamal has the same interest in openness of melody, space, and fleeting silence that Davis does. But for the trumpeter these qualities can be aspects of haunting lyric economy. For Jamal they seem a kind of crowd-titillating stunt work. Indeed, in a recital like "Ahmad Jamal at the Blackhawk" (Argo 703/S), recorded in a San Francisco night club, it appears that Jamal's real instrument is not the piano at all but his audience. On some numbers, he will virtually sit things out for a chorus, with only some carefully worked out rhapsodic harmonies by his left hand or coy tinklings by his right. After that, a few bombastic block chords by both hands, delivered *forte*, will absolutely lay them in the aisles. And unless you have heard Ahmad Jamal blatantly telegraph the climax of a piece, or beg applause en route with an obvious arpeggio run which he drops insinuatingly on the crowd after he has been coasting along on the graceful momentum of Crosby and Fournier, then you have missed a nearly definitive musical bombast. The set in question includes slow and medium standards—Jamal this time seems to favor Richard Rodgers and Jimmy Van Heusen especially—and a blues by Jamal which is performed with a kind of chi-chi sophistication one might have thought impossible within that basic jazz form.

Mose Allison is a musician of certain modernist leanings who approaches the blues, pianistically and vocally, with another kind of sophistication. He takes his pieces from such authentic bards as Lightnin' Hopkins, Joe Lee Williams, and Willie Dixon, and the sophistication with which he treats this material is neither jaded nor affected. Nor is it disrespectful. Rather, it just seems beside the point. On Epic 16031/17031, Allison "Takes to the Hills" with a program of such traditional blues songs and some standards, mostly from the repertory of the Twenties and early Thirties. He performs them all with his usual tepid, parlor-pleasant charm—a quality that seems quite out of place (to say the least) in a reading of Williams's starkly plaintive "Baby, Please Don't Go" or Percy Mayfield's nearly desperate "Life Is Suicide."

Jamal—"real instrument is not the piano . . . but his audience."

"Undercurrent" (United Artists 14003/S), on the other hand, offers pianist Bill Evans and guitarist Jim Hall being themselves on material which suits them very well. In effect, the LP is a privileged overhearing of two accomplished lyricists engaged in gentle discourse. Neither player offers the other anything rudely challenging, yet neither lets the other, or himself, get away with merely a polite non-commitment. There are moody readings of "I Hear a Rhapsody" and "Darn That Dream" and of the waltzes "Dream Gypsy" and "Skating in Central Park," and there is a more mutually exploratory version of Hall's "Romain." Especially on "My Funny Valentine" (the best track), Evans cuts through the frequently contrapuntal textures with melodic lines of crisp and forceful clarity. And throughout there is effective contrast in phrasing between the two men.

"First Time Out" (Pacific Jazz 52/S) is from a rather unexpected source: it is a recital by a piano trio, led by Clare Fischer, a man previously known for his arranging and composing. Fischer's piano is not "interesting," as an arranger's piano is apt to be. It is much more accomplished than that. In two senses the recital begs a comparison with Bill Evans. Fischer, like Evans, has obviously heard his Lenny Tristano and his Lee Konitz. But Fischer here suggests enough personal directions to belie any suggestion of imitation. The group also compares to Evans's regular trio, but Evans encourages his bassist and drummer to become equal participants in three-part improvisations. With admittedly less experience, bassist Gary Peacock and drummer Gene Stone often remain Fischer's accompanists. Fischer has academic credentials (a master's degree in music, in fact), but even a less conventional piece like "Free Too Long," improvised without preconception as to theme-structure or key, has none of the arid pretentiousness of an academic experiment about it. In several of his solos (those on "I Love You," "Nigerian Walk," and Fischer's intriguing "Toddler," for example) Peacock shows that he is becoming one of the most proficient young bassists in jazz.

Since we began with a public success, it might be appropriate to end with one. And there is a new recording by the Les McCann group called "On Time" (Pacific Jazz 56/S). A couple of years ago, when the ideas of the modern "funky" players were being pilfered and popularized into a marketable commodity called "soul jazz," it was pianist McCann who stepped in with what some people felt was a reduction to absurdity of the whole thing: a style of posturing rusticity and musical obviousness. McCann is still at it, and the honest efforts of guitarist Joe Pass, a guest participant in this recital, to work up some stretches of interest seem almost out of place. However, McCann does offer a moment of unexpected, perhaps unguarded, sensitivity. The title piece, "On Time," begins as a pianist's abstraction of a slow and passionate Gospel hymn, and McCann plays this opening with an arresting and evocative touch. He is soon back to rattling the up-tempo clichés, to be sure, but at the end of the piece he pauses long enough to reprise his lovely opening as before. Beauty, crushed to the earth shall rise, perhaps.

—MARTIN WILLIAMS.

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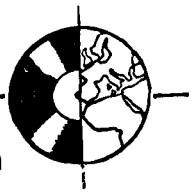
THE OTHER SIDE



The "Nine" by Karajan

LONDON.

THIS is the time of year when the demand for music, both live and packaged, is supposedly at its peak, yet anyone in search of interesting new discs or worthwhile concerts is likely to find the weeks before and after Christmas singularly unrewarding. There are carol concerts, "Messiahs" of various kinds—some even managing to sound like Handel—and twice-daily performances of "Casse-Noisette" at the Festival Hall. December record releases are few since the presses are too busy meeting seasonal demands to cope with new issues, and January lists are almost equally thin because the intervention of the Christmas holiday rules out ambitious supplements.

Nonetheless, the dying embers of 1962 did yield one formidable set in DGG's integral recording of the Beethoven Symphonies by Karajan and the Berlin Philharmonic. That it should have arrived at the end of the month instead of on December 1 is hardly surprising, since the final sessions—those that produced the "Eroica"—did not take place until November. Indeed, the whole project seems to have been rushed onto the market in somewhat precipitate fashion, for the albums arrived in this country containing German booklets plus promissory notes for an English text to be supplied later.

Nor was it very tactful of DGG to leave in each album a note, in German, from which we may deduce that the set was originally publicized in Germany as comprising seven discs and that the company, having found it desirable after all to spread the performances over sixteen sides, did not propose to charge for the extra disc. British collectors, on the other hand, are not to be granted such a concession, though few are likely to resent this slight at a moment when the government has announced a major purchase tax reduction on records, radios, radiograms, and TV sets. (This measure, which came into force on January 1, amounts to a price cut of 10 per cent on all merchandise and will be warmly welcomed by its beneficiaries, even if it was prompted by concern at the rising rate of unemployment.)

From an artistic point of view, Karajan's new Beethoven cycle represents a thoroughly unified project, as might be expected with recordings put on tape within a single year by the same artists using the same venue (a Berlin church). The playing throughout is quite splendid and Karajan's readings are intelligently conceived and realized with immense skill. Yet in the final analysis I find their impact disturbing and almost frightening because they lack two absolutely vital ingredients: humility and passion. When I listen to Karajan nowadays I seem to be confronted not by an interpretive artist engaged in a search for truth and placing his findings before us with all the eloquence at his command, but rather by a superior kind of PRO presenting a brand image to the potential consumer. The well-groomed, immaculately attired Beethoven who emerges from this operation is certainly a masterful composer, muscular yet elegant, but where is his compassionate humanity, where the toil, tears, and sweat of the creative genius struggling to bend intractable raw materials to his will? This process also serves to minimize Beethoven's growth as an artist over the period separating the Choral Symphony from No. 1—not so much by inflating the earlier works as by diminishing the stature of the more mature masterpieces through an excessive application of surface gloss.

THE recordings, too, offer a rich and smooth orchestral texture in which there are no wrinkles, let alone warts, and here again I feel slightly oppressed by the synthetic perfection of the product. Not all of us who deplore the sacrifice of character on the altar of efficiency can yet be dismissed as old fogies, content to live in the past, but there cannot be much doubt that the golden age of highly individual, dedicated conductors is all but over and that they are being replaced by high-powered business executives, ready to dispense packaged classics wherever the jet airplane can take them.

Other current DGG issues include another Mozart disc by Kempff and the Berlin Philharmonic under Leitner, containing a charming account of an early C major Concerto, K.246, and a beautiful if slightly mannered reading of K.595; Fischer-Dieskau, supported by an instrumental group which includes his cellist wife, contributes a delightful recital of Scottish songs and folk songs in settings by Haydn, Beethoven and Weber; a young Argentina-born pianist, Martha Argerich, makes an impressive recording debut with works by Chopin, Brahms, Prokofiev, Ravel, and Liszt, and the first Lieder recital by the American contralto Grace Bumbry shows her beautiful voice to fine advantage.

Sir John Barbirolli celebrates his return to the EMI roster—after several years of singularly unfruitful association with Pye Records—with a fine disc of Vaughan Williams's Fifth Symphony in which he conducts not his own Hallé Orchestra but the Philharmonia. Also on HMV we have Haydn's "Farewell" Symphony and Mozart's two "nocturnal Serenades," affectionately performed by Menuhin and the Bath Festival Chamber Orchestra; a Bach-Handel disc featuring Herr und Frau Fischer-Dieskau, plus flute, oboe, and harpsichord, in three rarely heard Italian Cantatas—Bach's Amore, traditore; Handel's Dalla guerra amorosa and Cuopre tal volta il cielo—as well as a Trio Sonata by Handel; the Philharmonia under André Vandernoot couple Suites from two of Stravinsky's ballet scores, "Pulcinella" and "Le Baiser de la Fée." Sadler's Wells's latest contribution to the expanding opera-in-English repertoire brings us highlights from Smetana's "The Bartered Bride." Ever since the war this captivating work has been featured at the Wells at regular intervals, and Covent Garden (where it used to be sung in German) gave us a superb English production during Rafael Kubelik's tenure as Musical Director (the delightful "bride" of that revival, Elsie Morison, has recently become the Czechoslovakia-born conductor's bride.) The only trouble about such a disc of "highlights" from Smetana's comedy is that it must needs omit too many plums—not only the Overture and two of the famous dances (which are included in plenty of orchestral concerts), but also the ravishing first-act duet, Jenik's aria from Act 2, etc.

LASTLY, there is one more fascinating collection of early keyboard music from Oiseau-Lyre, the Paris-based publishing house whose future may now be in doubt, following the recent death of its founder and owner, Mrs. Louise Dyer. This latest disc, devoted to the works of John Bull—one of the most powerful and original of Elizabethan masters of the keyboard and a strange, shadowy figure, who spent the last fifteen years of his life in self-imposed exile on the continent—and performed with superb stylistic insight by Thurston Dart, is a fine example of the kind of product which will be sorely missed should l'Editions de l'Oiseau-Lyre fail to survive the death of its *patronne*.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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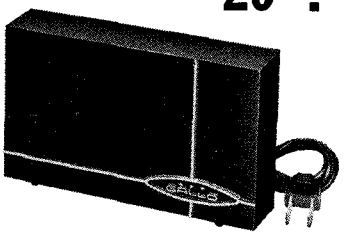

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St. Luke According to Schütz

HEINRICH SCHUTZ: *Lukas-Passion. Marc Stehle (bass), Jan Jenzer (tenor), Hedy Graf (soprano), Hans Dietiker (tenor), Willy Lichtensteiger (bass), and other soloists with Max Meili (tenor) conducting the Collegium Cantorum Turicense.* Amadeo AVRS 6205, $5.95.

A setting of the St. Luke Passion questionably attributed to Bach was reviewed here last month. Now, as a postscript of sorts, comes a recording from Austria that presents another version of the same Passion. This one, stark, yet strangely powerful, was written some twenty years before Bach's birth, and, in a way, proved quite influential in his output.

Near the end of his career (ca. 1664-5), Schütz produced three settings of the Passion—St. Matthew, St. John, and St. Luke (a fourth, St. Mark, has since been attributed to one of his pupils, or even a pupil of a pupil). The remarkable feature of these works is their disregard for instrumental values, and their total reliance upon the immediacy of the human voice.

Schütz turned to the older Gregorian Passions for his basic scheme, alternating lengthy unaccompanied recitatives with economic but dramatically effective choruses, also unaccompanied. The recitatives, freely composed in the plainsong style, convey the words of the Evangelist, Jesus, Peter et al., while the choruses are used only to relay the expressions of the masses. These choruses, by the way, adhere to the traditional scheme of church modes; the mixture of Lydian and Ionian employed proves strongly suggestive of what we now recognize as F major.

There are no expressive arias, no descriptive instrumental interludes (or accompaniments of any kind) as we are used to them in Bach. But the meaningful structure favored by Schütz, his sense of dramatic continuity, and his frequent pictorial manipulation of line all foreshadow Bach, nevertheless.

Although the Schütz Passions represent a high peak of individual achievement in music history, they appeal today only to a rather specialized public. The unaccompanied recitatives, unless performed with the utmost clarity of diction and vitality of projection, tend to become monotonous. Schütz himself attempted to minimize this problem by punctuating them with choral passages (*turbae*) of extraordinary inventiveness and impact. The recent Archive recording of Schütz's St. Matthew (with Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau as the Evangelist) demonstrated brilliantly how valid these recitatives can sound if treated dramatically. The Amadeo St. Luke, however, is less fortunate.

Max Meili, well remembered for his participation in the historic Anthologie Sonore recordings of the early 1930s, has dignity and style-awareness in his favor, but neither the vocal freshness nor the imagination to make them really count. And, since his choral conducting is hardly more incisive than his singing of the Evangelist, lethargy sets in.

Some might argue that the Meili rendition, as reinforced by the echo-acoustics of the Augustiner-Kirche in Zürich, represents authentic performance practice. The solo parts, after all, *were* intended to be sung by the clergy, not by professional singers, and blemishes in intonation and cohesion seem almost appropriate when one recalls that the choirs of Schütz's day were made up of amateur musicians, too. Such matters, however, must be of greater interest to scholars than to the average music lover, for whom the polish of Archive's Schütz is far more meaningful.

Nevertheless, one cannot deny the significance of the Schütz Passions in general, St. Luke in particular. Baroque expert Manfred Bukofzer claimed that these works, "in which liturgical severity and highly personal artistry intermingle, are symbolic of the creative solitude in which the aged master was to outlive his own fame." The equally distinguished German musicologist Hans Joachim Moser writes that the Schütz passions "stand in a proud central position within the history of their class of music, between the final Gothic and the late Baroque styles, inspired by the glorious past and offering powerful stimulus to their successors, at the summit of a great arch of development."

Regardless of its limited appeal and rough performance, therefore, the Amadeo St. Luke represents a welcome addition to the still-modest repertory of historical music in LP. But this still does not alter the fact that a superior performance would have better served history—and the listener.

—MARTIN BERNHEIMER.

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In the French Mode

HONEGGER: *"Le Roi David" Symphonic Psalm in three parts after a drama by René Morax. Martial Singher, narrator; Netania Davrath, soprano; Jean Preston, mezzo-soprano; Marvin Sorenson, tenor; Madeleine Milhaud, Witch of Endor; University of Utah, Ardean Watts, director.*

MILHAUD: *"La Création du Monde." Utah Symphony Orchestra, Maurice Abravanel, conductor.* Vanguard, VSD-2117/8. Four sides.

On encountering a new version of Honegger's "Le Roi David," one might ask why another when we have such a fine definitive recording as that done by Ansermet. And of "La Création du Monde," surely there are many versions of it available? But on scanning current catalogues it is astonishing to note that no recording of the Honegger score is listed—the Ansermet version being deleted before 1959 — though Milhaud's jazzy ghost of the Twenties now rates two current mentions. Hence the release of a new and superbly recorded performance of "Le Roi David."

The result is a top-notch recording. Abravanel has developed a splendid orchestra and the Vanguard engineers have recorded it superbly. Despite vocal excellence, the three singers are a bit pallid beside the dramatically intense Madeleine Milhaud, who etches her short role quite demoniacally. Soprano Netania Davrath handles her role beautifully and at moments produces sounds of glowing beauty. Both Jean Preston, a warm-voiced mezzo, and tenor Marvin Sorenson contribute admirably. And the choice of Martial Singher as the narrator was brilliant.

The work itself has worn quite well during its forty-one-year life span but it is a bit difficult today to find, in its sometimes bland religiosity and its artificially flavored Near-Easternism, the genius that critics discerned in the Twenties. Even then, the theatrical exaggerations and over-sweetness were recognized but accepted, as they continue to be by the public that enjoys such combinations.

Milhaud's "Création," which fills out the fourth side of the set, does not come off too well. It is square. And that as a capsule criticism tells the tale, regrettably. The loose-jointed handling of certain instrumental lines must be done without self-consciousness, which is the very element which makes this performance a far cry from the kind of jazz that Milhaud tried to infuse into it. Here it is all cleaned up and the dirty touches are a bit disinfected. If this version of Milhaud's piece adds little to the available repertoire, the Honegger work adds to it considerably.

—OLIVER DANIEL.

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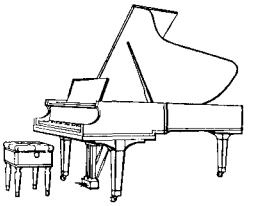

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THE AMEN CORNER

With the Troo

AFTER a brief hospitalization, I return to the jazz wars and find that the many camps are still vying for attention. As a war correspondent I begin to feel, if I may paraphrase Giuseppe Verdi, that if I am not learned I am at least very experienced. Within my single lifetime both the Original Dixieland Jazz Band and Ornette Coleman have been members of the avant-garde. I have watched jazz proceed, as has Western music generally, into new subtleties of rhythm and texture. There are always those who find the new hard to follow—often because they will not take the trouble to listen repeatedly. Five years after his recording debut, Ornette Coleman is still of the avant-garde. He is one of the most difficult jazz men to comprehend and discuss, partly because his invention (and that of his associates) is so free and various as to risk, and sometimes run into, the chaotic. In the music of his little groups, based usually on brief Coleman motifs or themes, the lines may be tonal, atonal, polytonal, or a mixture that might be called quasi-tonal. The meters shift spontaneously. The sonorities range from dulcet to harsh. The expressive suggestions run over a wide gamut from gaiety and impudence to anger, disgust, and melancholy. This music may demand repeated hearings, but for me it has many rewards. It is immensely alive and kicking, full of fancy and feeling, brilliantly executed. In Coleman's newest LP he plays the tenor rather than the alto saxophone (I prefer him on the richer tenor horn) and has with him his remarkable trumpet alter ego Donald Cherry, and the superb Jimmy Garrison and Ed Blackwell on base and drums (Atlantic 1394).

The fad from Brazil called "bossa nova" ("the new wrinkle") has included many Latin-American bonbons wrapped in tinsel, but there are truly nourishing possibilities in the musical form which certain talents have realized. At its best, bossa nova music involves a sensitive use of samba-type rhythms, and extended romantic melodies which lend themselves to graceful and sustained improvisation. In other words, the form is bound to appeal to fine American jazz improvisers who have a feeling for the Latin musical atmosphere. And it is just such men who have made the finest bossa nova records I have heard. There is the modern tenor saxophonist Stan Getz, with a small combination including guitarist Charlie Byrd (Verve V-8432), and Byrd himself leads another fine program of Brazilian specialties, with emphasis on the guitar and strings (Riverside RM 436). Stan Getz also appears with the elegant big band of Gary McFarland (Verve V-8494). I would call special attention to the delightful Young Paul Winter Sextet, whose members, fresh out of colleges in the Chicago area, traveled in Latin America for President Kennedy's Cultural Aid Program, returned as experts in the "bossa nova" idiom, and last fall appeared at the White House, where they were somewhat inappropriately beamed at a child audience. Fully deserving mature attention, the players include Paul Winter, alto saxophone; Les Rout, baritone sax; Dick Whitsell, trumpet; Warren Bernhardt, pianist (the basist and drummer are not named on the album). Their sparkling "Journey to Recife," composed by Richard Evans, is my own favorite in the field (Columbia CL-1925). Finally, we have the conquistadorial Coleman Hawkins stepping into the studio to play "bossa nova" for the first time, keeping his hat on, and thoroughly grasping the Brazilian subject matter. With the two guitars of Barry Galbraith and Howard Collins, and a four-man rhythm section, the maestro manages to be at once stately and seductive, as ever a true grandee of the tenor saxophone (Impulse MONO A-28).

In small-group modern jazz I find several appealing new albums. "Take Twelve" is robust, songful, spontaneous business featuring Lee Morgan both as trumpeter and as the writer of piquant themes in various moods and tempi. Only twenty-four, he has been for six years an outstanding man on his horn—supple and full of heat and light—and he has here the excellent company of Clifford Jordan, tenor sax; Barry Harris, piano; Bob Cranshaw, bass; and Louis Hayes, drums (Jazzland JLP 80). From the Paul Horn Quintet we have a diversity of chamber jazz pleasures from the leader, playing alto sax, flute, and base flute; Emil Richards, vibes; Paul Moer, piano; Vic Gaskin, bass; and Milt Turner, drums. Much of this music is modal in feeling, and there are many shifting time patterns and lib ties taken with the bar lines. Horn observes: "These things sound so complicated that it may scare people, yet the fact is that if you find a pattern

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that flows, if you get in the right groove, you can swing consistently. We try not to become too involved intellectually or harmonically; this compensates for the fact that our time signatures may be unusual . . . instead of having to worry about a lot of fast-changing chords the soloists can blow freely." This freedom leads these very accomplished men to much effervescent music-making (Columbia CL 1922).

The enchantment of John Lewis, composer and pianist-leader of the Modern Jazz Quartet, with the history and traditions of the *commedia dell'arte* is now at least ten years old and has led to some of the most delicately haunting music in jazz rhythms. Sometimes, in fact, the delicacy has verged on the limp, but Lewis's gifts of restraint and the intrinsic vitality of the rhythms have usually saved the situation. Now the MJQ offers a suite called "The Comedy" that continues its Italianate activity—the seven numbers, all by Lewis, are called "Spanish Steps," "Columbine," "Pulcinella," "Pierrot," "Harlequin," "Piazza Navona," and "La Cantatrice" (a moody, ironic song by Diahann Carroll, in which jazz slang takes on poignant human meaning). This is all enticing stuff. —WILDER HOBSON.

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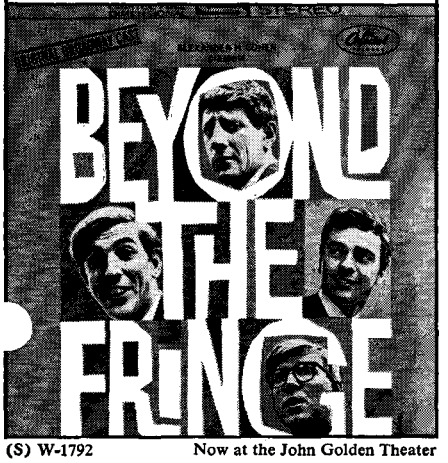

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FM

Continued from page 56

bern, or on Saturdays, from Jelly Roll Morton through Ornette Coleman.

Some idea of the musical tastes of FM listeners can be obtained from certain public opinion polls taken by various stations. Both WBAI and Concert, for instance, have recently polled their listeners. The results are interesting and, indeed, encouraging, as we shall see. But they may also be deluding, for each FM operation tends to find its listeners wanting more of what they are already getting. However, FM polls have been done with a certain musical care. There are seldom any vague, catch-all categories like "classical music." Listeners are asked whether they like symphonies, or piano concertos, overtures, Italian opera, string quartets, or solo piano works. And there are careful distinctions made among jazz, pop music, Broadway scores, and "light" classics. Symphonies come off best in most polls; fairly predictably, about 40 per cent of FM listeners will want them. Jazz and chamber music will usually come off respectably, and with nearly equal scores of about 7 per cent. Complete operas will usually be requested by about 5 per cent of the audience (incidentally, WBAI's response to this phenomenon includes one day a year devoted to a broadcast of the entire "Ring" cycle). But operatic arias rate lower, and lieder rate not at all in some polls. Fewest FM listeners seem to want pops, and very few, according to listener polls conducted by the stations, care for current show tunes.

EVEN in the heyday of the big-time networks on FM, there were "transcribed" programs, independently produced, available to local stations. And there have long been several regional networks, AM and FM, of a few outlets, here and there across the country. The uniqueness of recent developments on FM, and the liberal use of tape, is that it allows the Educational Network, for example, to provide selective and exceptional programming inexpensively to a large number of stations. And tape allows the Pacifica and QXR Networks to straddle the continent. At the same time, both the basic six-station Educational chain and the Concert Network do excellently both with direct relay from station to station and with an exchange of tapes.

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Music to My Ears

Continued from page 53

Brandenburg Concerto No. 2, which he has recorded no less than fourteen times (figures courtesy of the program).

Scherbaum entered with something of the swagger of Mischa Elman, taking his place before the conductor's stand with not a little of that virtuoso's assurance in the face of the seemingly impossible. He handles the beautifully fashioned instrument, with its long slender tubing and responsive valves, with the confidence born of infinite practice. Indeed, for the final flourishes in the octave above "high C" he turned full face to the audience and blasted his notes out in defiance of any possible mishap. In the circumstance, the other three soloists (violinist Erich Roehn, flutist Gerhard Otto, and oboist Heinz Nordbruch) were somewhat obscured, but all performed very well, especially Nordbruch. There was relatively little novelty otherwise in an evening devoted to Jorge Bolet's playing of the first Liszt piano concerto, the "Paganini" variations of Boris Blacher, and the Brahms C minor Symphony.

Bach of another sort was provided elsewhere on the same evening as Virgil Fox gave the first full recital on the Philharmonic Hall organ. Fox spared neither himself nor the audience in presenting, sequentially, such works as the C minor Passacaglia and Fugue, the G major Trio Sonata, and the D major Prelude and Fugue. For that matter, Fox did not spare the instrument in his demands for brilliance, definition, and responsiveness, either in this literature or the works of Franck, Messaien, and Reger which followed. He earned credit for taste as well as exceptional physical coordination in assuming the responsibility for maximum objectives in velocity and power, and achieving them more often than not.

—Irving Kolodin.

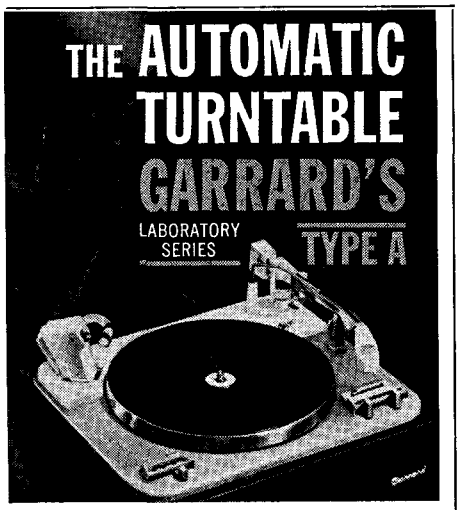
"Dutchman" by Bohm

WHEN "Der Fliegende Hollaender" returned after a three-year absence last week, Karl Bohm was entrusted with the problem of bringing unity to a work as uneven as the production the Metropolitan has given it. He showed that he values clarity of design and detail more than emotional climaxes, and that he is no more interested in exaggeration than in originality for its own sake. Böhm's "Dutchman" may not be definitive, but it is orderly and, unlike some that came before it, makes consistent sense. One gladly overlooks the volume mistaken for intensity in the storm scene in view of the breadth and sensitivity of such moments as the "Wie aus der Ferne" duet.

It is no coincidence that in the lyrical portions of the score Böhm brought out the best in George London (the Dutchman) and Leonie Rysanek (Senta). London has refined his interpretation convincingly; he now sings with even more regard for textual and dynamic nuances than before, and has added new stress on the Dutchman's human suffering, toning down the cardboard Heldenbariton-heroism and diabolical overtones at the same time. Böhm's comparable toning down of the "Sturm und Drang" elements made things easier for Rysanek. But, although her performance retains its former urgency and ethereal top tones, there is now too much hollow swooping for comfort.

Sandor Konya, in his first Erik, strained for heroic effects not his to make, and punctuated the line rather explosively with sobs. The other newcomers—George Shirley's poised Steuermann and Lili Chookasians's chesty Mary—were strong. So was Giorgio Tozzi's familiar Daland, though it is beginning to hover precariously between characterization and caricature.

The Elson-Graf production, always a problem, continues to combine stylization (Daland's roofless house) with realistic detail; its cloud machine is still overworked in Act I (contradicting the absence of the "Südwind"), and the sailors' chorus is still encouraged to pose as the Heidelberg Alumni Glee Club at a reunion concert. In short, someone should do for the "Dutchman's" drama what Böhm is doing for its music. —Martin Bernheimer.



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LETTERS TO THE

RECORDINGS EDITOR

"EN ROUTE"

IRVING KOLODIN is so knowledgeable a critic of musical matters that one would think twice before crossing swords with him. He is evidently not so well informed about air travel, however, and it would be in the public interest for *SR* to print a clarification of his remarks in the December 29 issue, because of a very important safety factor involved.

Mr. Kolodin suggests that the new speaker for transistor radios is especially useful "for those who travel by air . . . the self-contained transistor can easily be slung from a carrying strap for use when en route. . . ." However, the printed schedules of all leading airlines warn that transistor radios should not be used while a plane is in flight, because their operation can interfere with the electronic equipment in the cabin.

JOHN RAYBURN.
New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *"En route" does not mean "in the air," but before takeoff or at stops en route where ground time can be disposed of less painfully if a radio is available.*

CALLAS AS CARMEN

SHORTLY AFTER the recording of "French Opera Arias" by Maria Callas last year, there was considerable talk of her recording "Carmen" in its entirety. Can you tell me whether or not the talk has as yet produced results?

If such a recording is planned but not yet completed, I would like to urge that the French practice of using the original spoken dialogue be followed rather than that the recitatives be used.

JAMES E. YOCKEL.
Bloomington, Ind.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The talk goes on, with reference to a possible production at La Scala this season as preliminary.*

A "RUSSIAN" UKRAINIAN

IN THE ARTICLE "Rimsky's Snow Maiden" [*SR*, Nov. 24] it is said that Ivan Kozlovsky ranks among the best Russian tenors. That he is a tenor can hardly be denied; I must, however, disagree with his supposed Russian nationality. Kozlovsky was born in the Ukraine and received his musical training in Kiev; his frequent appearances outside the Ukraine (Leningrad and Moscow) are due to his talent and most probably do not affect his origin. Dr. A. Virsta, contemporary Ukrainian musicologist wrote an article about Kozlovsky in the "Encyclopedia de la musique" published in Paris (1958-61), in which Kozlovsky is called a Ukrainian singer. His Ukrainian origin is even noted in the latest edition of the "Great Soviet Encyclopedia."

ROMAN SAWYCKY.
Philadelphia, Pa.

WILLIAMS'S RECOMMENDATIONS

I CANNOT AGREE with Richard Freed, in his compilation of recommended records [*SR*, Dec. 15], that my remarks on American jazz ensemble's "New Sounds . . . Old World" or Gary Burton's "New Vibe Man in Town" amounted to recommendations. I said of the former, for example, that it seemed "the engaging dabbling of players who . . . have no really authentic feel for the jazz idiom." However, I would include Sonny Rollins's "What's New?" (Victor), "Miles Davis at Carnegie Hall" (Columbia), and "Shelly Manne 2 3 4" (Impulse) on a recommended list.

MARTIN WILLIAMS.
New York, N.Y.

PHILHARMONIC ORGAN

THREE CHEERS FOR the favorable comments concerning the pipe organ erected by Aeolian-Skinner in Philharmonic Hall. It is to be hoped that other sizable cities will provide worthy pipe organ centers such as Carnegie Hall of Pittsburgh.

It will be a great loss if the musical world suffers a total eclipse of the pipe organ because of the invasion of the electronic instruments. I have yet to hear an electronic organ that can truly reproduce the pipe organ in all its departments. It is good to know that Philharmonic Hall has a worthy instrument where New Yorkers, at least, can enjoy great organ music.

KENNETH C. WALKER.
Bloomington, Ill.

EXTERNAL SPEAKER

MANY THANKS FOR your article on the T-81 and SPT-641s. Unfortunately, a mistake was made on the price of the SPT-641. Apparently the misunderstanding occurred when I gave *SR* (by phone) the prices for both products.

FRED BEDNAR,
Matsushita Electric Corp.
New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The reference is to the price of the external speaker mentioned. Correct price is $6.95.*

MOZART'S ZORLINA

I WAS SURPRISED to find a new character in Mozart's opera "Don Giovanni" by the name of Zorlina. This name occurred twice in the column "Music to My Ears" in your issue of January 5.

I'm sure after all the years we've known Mozart's flirtatious peasant girl Zerlina, nobody, least of all Mr. Kolodin, would wish to change her name.

Since I write a music column for a local paper and know what happens to copy, I'm merely curious. Do Mr. Kolodin's typewriter keys need cleaning or did your proofreaders or typesetters confer a new name on Zerlina?

JEAN SHARP.
Sarasota, Fla.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *There was a telegrapher along the way who helped out.*

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PERSONALS

SAINT MATTHEW PASSION, "Eroica," Brahms "Third" included in AMERICAN SYMPHONY Spring Series, Stokowski conducting—February 25th, March 11th, April 15th. Subscriptions $4 to $15, Carnegie Hall Box Office, or call ATwater 9-3970 NYC.

MATURE, CULTURED lady wishes position as secretary to same. Box A-877.

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MATHEMATICIAN-ARTIST, male, 29, seeks employment in Europe. Box A-768.

COMPETENT JAPANESE WOMAN looking for passage home. Willing and able to care for children, older woman; guide individuals or groups traveling in Japan. Available by April 7th, 1963. Kagawa, 307 Stewart Avenue, Ithaca, N.Y.

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REGISTERED NURSE, doctor's widow, available. Free to travel. Box B-187.

CREATIVE MUSIC EDUCATOR, organist, doctoral fellow desires teaching position fall 1963. Box B-192.

B.A. IN JUNE desires summer employment. Tutor and traveler. Box B-157.

YOUNG MAN, M.A. English, J.D., married, seeks stimulating employment. Broad interests, including communications, education and politics. Experience in public speaking, journalism, law and teaching. Box B-172.

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SENIOR, Wesleyan University, desires interesting summer job, willing to travel, tutor, etc. Box B-168.

PERSONALS

BETWEEN SEASON WOOL CHALLIS, rich prints from Japan (no traditional dainty buds and flowers). Bleeding madras, Finnish cottons. Batik-type printed cotton. Rygja yarn. Irish tweeds, blankets, sweaters. Carol Brown, Putney, Vermont. Circular.

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MADISON AVENUE GALLERY, (NYC) has open dates March and April. Box B-184.

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(Continued on page 78)

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

(Continued from page 77)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1503

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Extremely nervous (colloq.).

B. One of those contestants who met at Melbourne, Australia in November, 1956.

C. Variety of sheep which produces Australia's best wool.

D. Mischievous or tricksy.

E. *Capraria biflora* or *Scoparia dulcis.*

F. Immensely powerful.

G. Federal capital Down Under.

H. Flower beloved by poets—to the Greeks probably narcissus, to early English and French, the daffodil.

I. Lacking illumination.

J. Persons closely resembling each other (comp.; *Dict. of Amer. Slang*).

K. Fragrant tropical resin used in making varnish and some medicines.

L. Occuring every twelvemonth.

Describing Edward Lear's "Uncle Arly's" shoes (2 wds.).

WORDS

199 79 128 129 42 137 196

186 12 41 72 109 65 170

180 22 62 121 35 76

141 194 132 64 94 183

67 142 20 99 91 135 125 58 52

80 158 48 33 57 68

6 89 112 119 136 23 140 17

154 78 188 4 179 75 145 15

198 50 8 16 157 178 103 153 116

195 54 69 149 96 133 43 202 181 37

87 108 131 46 81

171 184 61 71 107 2

113 172 175 40 66 187 124 32

DEFINITIONS

N. *Printer's word for a sheet of paper folded to make 36 pages.*

O. Contrite.

P. Make another knot.

Q. Special "Day" on January 26, Down Under.

R. Take introductory steps.

S. Body of scholars trained in Moslem law and religion.

T. Distant object in nature which serves as device on the flag of Australia (2 wds.).

U. Australia's island state.

V. Swaddle again.

W. Stirring to activity; arousing.

X. Excessively and specifically burdened; charged (2 wds.).

Y. Sharp; penetrating; clean-cut and direct.

Z. Swing, whisk; U.S.; turn aside, divert, change.

WORDS

93 49 36 152 182 177 190 110

169 162 176 106 127 138 51 77 55 92

100 28 151 155 115

9 70 164 120 21 126 82 26 139

193 60 105 13 134 146 95 167

118 31 24 1 148

84 117 10 98 86 160 156 74 174 59 197 104 25

3 200 101 185 29 122 45 73

44 168 161 18 163 97 130 83

14 53 90 173 47 166 102 39 123

30 111 7 27 165 144 147 38 85 19

189 56 192 143 11 5 159 150

191 88 34 63 201 114

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings & definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

				1 S	2 L	3 U	4 H	5 Y	6 G	7 X	8 I		9 Q	10 T	11 Y	12 B	13 R
14 W	15 H	16 I	17 G		18 V	19 X	20 E	21 Q	22 C		23 G	24 S	25 T	26 Q	27 X	28 P	
29 U	30 X	31 S		32 M	33 F	34 Z	35 C	36 N	37 J		38 X	39 W		40 M	41 B	42 A	43 J
44 V		45 U	46 K	47 W	48 F	49 N	50 I	51 O	52 E		53 W	54 J	55 O	56 Y	57 F	58 E	59 T
60 R	61 L	62 C	63 Z		64 D	65 B		66 M	67 E		68 F	69 J	70 Q	71 L		72 B	73 U
74 T	75 H		76 C	77 O		78 H	79 A	80 F	81 K	82 Q	83 V	84 T		85 X	86 T	87 K	
88 Z	89 G	90 W	91 E	92 O	93 N		94 D	95 R	96 J	97 V	98 T	99 E	100 P	101 U		102 W	103 I
104 T		105 R	106 O	107 L	108 K	109 B	110 N		111 X	112 G		113 M	114 Z	115 P		116 I	117 T
118 S	119 G	120 Q	121 C	122 U	123 W		124 M	125 E	126 Q	127 O	128 A		129 A	130 V	131 K		132 D
133 J	134 R	135 E	136 G	137 A	138 O		139 Q	140 G	141 D		142 E	143 Y	144 X	145 H		146 R	147 X
148 S	149 J	150 Y		151 P	152 N	153 I		154 H	155 P	156 T		157 I	158 F	159 Y	160 T	161 V	
162 O	163 V	164 Q	165 X		166 W	167 R	168 V	169 O	170 B		171 L	172 M	173 W		174 T	175 M	176 O
177 N		178 I	179 H	180 C	181 J		182 N	183 D	184 L		185 U	186 B	187 M	188 H	189 Y	190 N	191 Z
	192 Y	193 R	194 D	195 J		196 A	197 T	198 I		199 A	200 U	201 Z	202 J				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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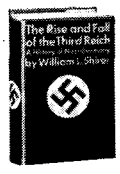

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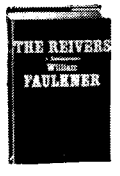

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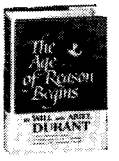
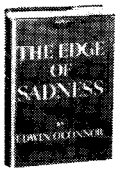


500. THE AGE OF REASON BEGINS *by* WILL *and* ARIEL DURANT. Illustrated (Publisher's retail price $10)



463. THE EDGE OF SADNESS *by* EDWIN O'CONNOR. (Publ. retail price $5)

546. CONVERSATIONS WITH STALIN *by* MILOVAN DJILAS. (Publisher's retail price $3.95)

543. SCOTT FITZGERALD *by* ANDREW TURNBULL. Illustrated. (Publisher's retail price $5.95)

520. THE BULL FROM THE SEA *by* MARY RENAULT (Publisher's retail price $4.95)

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